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P. 2

PHANTASMAGORIA
OF FUN.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

a. h. Forrester

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1843.

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PHANTASMAGORIA OF FUN.

VOL. II.

B



THE WASHERWOMAN.

THE PINE-APPLE, the most delicious and rarest of fruits that grace the dessert, the fragrant melon, and the cool cucumber, are alike the delicate produce of a dunghill !

The stiff-starched, smart, and spotless frill, the snowy ducks, and trim shirt-collar, derive their dazzling and cleanly beauty from the dexterous and spongy hands of the tea-quaffing and Geneva-bibbing washerwoman !

Let no man, then, and especially the refined exquisite, who delights to adorn his sweet person in all the luxury of clean linen, despise the presiding priestess of the washing-tub. Draggled-tailed drab as she may appear to his refined vision, it is to the exercise of her saponaceous ablutions that he owes the major part of his attractions. For his sake she patiently dooms herself, with the resignation of a martyr, to be continually "in the suds," and in "hot water." The vocation is of so ancient a date, that the commencement of her toilsome art is lost in the vanishing point of time, extending far, far beyond the memory of man ! The earliest mention extant we believe to

be in that exquisite classic poem, commencing with the euphonous line,

“Sing a song for sixpence,”

in the third verse of which we find it particularly mentioned, that

“The maid was in the garden
A-hanging out the clothes ;”

and we have no hesitation in asserting, in the teeth of all commentators, past, present, and to come, that the “maid” therein mentioned was none other than the King’s washerwoman ; for, although now-a-days the majority of washerwomen is composed of wives and widows, yet there is no tenable objection why a maid should not be of the fraternity,—or rather the sorority, or sisterhood !

In this age, however, the class usually consists of women of from five-and-twenty to fifty.

Frequently dining with “Duke Humphrey” from necessity, they are unacquainted with his namesake, Sir Humphrey Davy ; yet are they undeniably practical chemists,—well knowing that soda and potash are not to be indiscriminately used, and are thoroughly initiated in the knowledge of the various aqueous solutions and compounds suited to the garments to be submitted to their cleansing operations.

The “sorting” of the clothes into white and coloured portions is their primary care ; for even the colours that are “warranted” will “run,” if not washed with the greatest circumspection. While they know

from experience that linen and stockings may be "b'iled," they are aware that flannels, if put in the copper, will "s'rink up to nothink," and be "spiled."

So delicate, too, is their vision, that they pretend to discover "colour"—even in white garments; for nothing is more common than to hear them exclaim, that the white "things is a werry bad colour." Although they know this may arise from their own negligent handling, they generally attribute it to the age of the article.

In London and its vicinity, *the* "washing" forms a considerable item in the domestic expenses, especially when "given out" to those laundresses who profess "to do" for gentlemen and families. The economical housewife, therefore, is compelled to hire a woman by the day to "get up the things" at home, to the woful annoyance of all the males in the establishment, who nauseate, with a sort of hydrophobic feeling, the steamy odours sent forth by coppers, washing-tubs, and drying linen. A six-weeks' wash is in truth an awful visitation!

Happy, thrice happy are those who are able to escape the chilling horrors of a horse full of wet clothes steaming before a roasting kitchen-range!—or, when they open their eyes and their bed-room windows on a summer's morning, behold their "trim garden" eclipsed by transverse lines, extending "from pole to pole," with a formidable array of bleaching linens "pegged" thereon, and fluttering in the breeze!

Such a sight is enough to make a man cut himself in shaving, although priding himself in the possession

of the best-tempered razor, and the steadiest hand in the world !

A “dab-wash” is bad enough of all conscience ; but a regular six-weeks’ one is enough to send a man clean out of his seven senses, and make him exclaim in an ecstasy,

“ Oh ! the good old days of Adam and Eve ! ”

—turn his milk of human kindness to—curds and whey,
—and make his whole composition as “mothy” as
—a jar of uncovered preserves !

Washerwomen and chimney-sweepers are the earliest disturbers of domestic repose. It almost infallibly happens, however, that the serving-lassie is *never* stirring when the poor little sweep applies his sooty fingers to the noisy knocker ; and the bass accompaniment of the dull single knock, to his shrill and prolonged cry of “Swee-ee-ep !” generally arouses the inmates of the house and the neighbours before the sleepy and slip-shod girl shuffles down the creaking stairs to let in the shivering child, who is only too punctual in his appointment.

The washerwoman, however, is usually more fortunate, for she is a much more welcome visitor to the kitchen ; and, notwithstanding the place is “cluttered up” with heaps of clothes and wash-tubs, a blazing fire gives a cheerful glow to the busy region, while a bright copper tea-kettle singing on the hob greets her with its refreshing harmony, and a pleasing anticipation of a “dish of tea” preparatory to commencing operations.

The washerwoman, *par excellence*, is generally a sort

of round bundle of a figure, habited in a cotton dress, with short sleeves, provided with a capacious pair of pockets, for the reception and concealment of candle-ends, bits of soap, or broken victuals, just as chance, opportunity, or the generosity of the maid may determine. A mob-cap, with a very full border, conceals her tresses when in the suds; and an apron or two protect her dress from the accidental sprinklings of the wash-tub.

The effects of her steamy occupation give to her physiognomy a par-boiled complexion, relieved occasionally by a rosy hue, which partially tinges her nasal promontory, consequent on certain libations of Geneva, or other strong waters. The elbows of her brawny arms are red, her hands unnaturally white and spongy, arising from the continual immersion in hot water to which her arduous vocation subjects them. The tongue is peculiarly well-hung, and appears indefatigable. She soaps, and rubs, and souses, and rattles on with unabated energy, apparently thinking, with the immortal bard of Avon, that

“ Silence is alone commendable

In a neat’s tongue dried or a maid not vendible.”

She is the peripatetic chronicle of domestic intelligence, — the “snapper-up of unconsidered trifles,” which she ingeniously works up with farther particulars, *on dits*, and rumours, drawing her inferences and conclusions to suit the taste of her hearers, with all the tact and one-sided policy of one experienced in the concoction of “impartial news.” She is a perfect re-

gister of births, deaths, and marriages for the district in which she moves and washes ; and, generally speaking, her narrations are about as faithful and veracious as those embellished romances given to the world under the title of histories.

The confidante and adviser of the maids-of-all-work, she is looked upon by them in the light of a prime-minister ; for, like that great functionary, she has always some snug place in her gift, or, as she phrases it, “ in her eye,” which, although it may prove no sinecure, is still desirable. Her recommendation, however, is by no means disinterested ; for through these humble agents she politically expects to gain a footing in the family, and to come in for the “ loaves and fishes,” in the humble shape of the fragmentary portions of the hospitable board : indeed, “ wheels within wheels” form the intricate machinery of her truly political system, selfishness being the main-spring which sets the whole in motion.

Between four and five o'clock on one of those thick and saffron-tinted foggy mornings in the suicidal month of November, the melancholy mugginess of which was only partially refreshed by a gentle, drizzling rain, an old woman, in a huge wrapping-cloak, and a tattered black chip bonnet tied over her ears with a dingy-coloured cotton handkerchief, was cautiously picking her way through the streets, to the “ clink-clanking” accompaniment of a pair of pattens, bearing in her hand a horn lantern of most formidable dimensions. This precaution at the period of our veracious record was indisputably necessary ; for those modern

illuminati, the gas companies, had not then put forth their claims to the applause of an “*enlightened* British public,” and the parish lamps, whose feeble rays were scarcely sufficient to render “darkness visible,” were blinking and flickering, and vainly endeavouring to shoot their friendly rays through the globular glasses which surrounded them, like a very little intelligence in a very thick head!

For our own part, although we abhor all innovation, yet do we rejoice in real improvement, and certainly do not repine that—

“The *light* of other days”

bath departed. The sharp and monotonous “clink-clank” of the said pattens was alone interrupted by the drowsy tone of the watchman calling the hour. Swinging his lantern in his hand, which was very much like a younger branch of the same family as the old woman’s—

“Half-past fo-ur a-clock—and a fog-gy—morn-ing!” bawled the ancient guardian of the night. “Half-past—”

“Watchman,” said the old woman, cutting short his useless information, “*pray*, vich ind o’ this here street is number siventy-six?”

“T’other.”

“Thank’ee,” replied the old woman. “Mussy! vot a mornin’ it is!”

“Mother Naggs?—It is, I do declare!” said the watchman, holding up his lantern to her shrouded visage. “Vell, that’s cur’us. I knowed ye by y’ur voice.”

“Vot, Davis! — vell, that’s funny now — who’d ha’ thought it!” exclaimed the washerwoman, in her turn, elevating her dim luminary. “Vell, and how’s Mother Davis and the little uns?” And, without waiting for a reply to her kind inquiry, continued, “Do you happen to know them people, the Dickens’s, at sivent-y-six? Are they vell to do, and all that? — for this ’ere’s the fust time as I’ve bin engaged to do for ’em.”

“Sivent-y-six?” repeated the watchman. “Yes — oh, yes! Them’s werry respectable hinhabitants — leastvays they al’ays tips half-a-crown at Christmas time, vich ve reckon raythur hansom’ as things go, Missis Naggs.”

Hereupon Missis Naggs sagely remarked that “times vos sadly changed;” and then her old acquaintance politely volunteered to see her to the door, leaving half his “round” unfinished; and they had “sich a gossip” — enjoying their chat in spite of the weather.

The door of number seventy-six is reached, and the “rappant appendage to the ligneous barricade” modestly applied in a single knock.

A “good mornin’” between the washerwoman and the watchman is exchanged, and she is “let in.”

“Dear me, vot a miserable mornin’!” says the sympathising maid-of-all-work. “For goodness’ sake come in, and varm yourself!”

Blowing out her end of candle, and delicately pinching out the red snuff with those primitive snuffers and extinguishers, her fingers, the old woman proceeds to

take off her "things," while the maid rams the huge kitchen poker into the blazing fire, to expedite the boiling of the kettle.

A glance round the room is sufficient to satisfy the experienced eye of the washerwoman that she has got into good quarters. The tea-tackle is already displayed, and some thick rounds of buttered toast are "frizzling" on the hob.

"You've a comfortable place 'ere, my dear. There doesn't seem no want o' nothin' neither," observes Mrs. Naggs.

"You're right, marm. It's the most liberallest family—plenty to eat and drink; and thof I've enough to do, of all conscience, seeing there's on'y myself, I've no cause to complain."

"Is there many in family?"

"On'y master and missus. He's at office through the day, and missus reads pretty vell all her time; and there ain't no wisitors, and neither chick nor child. Children is such plagues, I can't bear 'em. Verever they are, vun's al'ays doing, and never done. The werry last place as I had there vos six on 'em, and a pretty life I had on't—half starved into the bargain. I hope your tea's to your liking?"

Mrs. Naggs nodded, and sipped, and stretched out her black-worsted ankles, and placed her thick shoes on the iron fender,—the very picture of comfort; while the maid continued her narrative of the "last family"—with six children.

"I found they not only grudged vot I *did* eat, but

purvided shamefully. And then she vos al'ays poking her nose into the kitchen, and a-routing out the closet and drawers,—and took away the kitchen-stuff and the doctors' bottles, vich you know al'ays comes rig'lar to the servant."

"Shameful! shameful!" cried the washerwoman, putting her teeth with a feeling of indignation into the hot toast.

"Warn't it?"

"Beats everythink as I ever heerd."

"Vell, at last I vos so 'riled, I up'd and told her her place 'vou'dn't suit—vorn't I right?"

"I think so, indeed; a sarvant as knows herself cou'dn't never put up with the like o' that. I really believe as some people think other people ar'n't made of flesh and blood like theirselves. There's the Cummins's, as I do for, I do think as they're the nippin'-est set in the vorld. There's no need o' cats in that house, I'm sure, for all the mice must die a *nat'ral* death by starvation! Of all the people as ever I came a-nigh to, they cut the closest. Sure as ever I go there's a new face; for, vot with the naggin' o' the missus, who's never satisfied, and the horrid wittles,—for I never seed nothink but salt beef on the table from one year's end to t'other,—the poor gals have a precious time on it. I'm sure my heart bleeds for 'em. But they're so vell known, thank goodness! that neither the grocer nor the butcher vill send 'em any more sarvants, and they're 'bliged for to go to the register-office and get anythink they can catch. I'm sure I should think it a sin to recommend any

gal to 'em ; for they're treated more like beasts o' burden than humane beans, and that's the blessed truth. In course, people as has got to get their living must know on vich side their bread's buttered ; and, in course, when Mrs. Cummins rates the gals, I'm obleeged to side with her, and say as she says ; for, thof the pay is no great shakes, the vork's rig'lar, and von's loaf to lose a customer ; for, you know, vun person's money's as good as another's, and times is sich as vun can't pick and choose, and ve must take the rough with the smooth, you know, or starve."

Mary expressed her approval of this political philosophy, and poured out another cup of strong tea. A fit of coughing cut short the volubility of the washerwoman, who, when she had recovered her breath, declared that she believed the nasty fog had got into her "stommick."

"P'r'aps a drop o' gin, or summat, vou'd be agreeable?" observed the maid. The washerwoman, of course, thought that it would ; and, if she had it "handy," would accept "jist the smallest drop" of the prescribed remedy.

Mrs. Naggs' tongue, if possible, now ran on more glibly than before ; and Mary "did laugh so," that, if the sanctum wherein the savoury gossip was carried on had not been a "lean-to," the family would inevitably have been aroused from their morning slumbers by the loud and startling cachinnations of the delighted maid, who loudly declared that Mrs. Naggs was the "funniest soul as she ever did come across in all her born days."

Mary was, in truth, an excellent "audience ;" and



as in similar cases, the chief actor in the scene was not only flattered by her unbounded applause, but induced in some instances to o'erstep the bounds of veracity, and embellished her narratives with a colouring that certainly did run rather counter to the candour of the oft-quoted

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

"You knows them 'ere Norris's?" said Mrs. Naggs.

"The pork-shop people?" said Mary, pointing her finger to the quarter of the compass in which they dwelt.

"That 's 'em."

"Ha! to be sure! everybody knows little Norris; the partic'lerist little feller as ever anybody clapped eyes on. He 's quite a dandy, and al'ays as neat as ninepence. We buys sassages on 'em sometimes on Saturdays and cleaning-days, when ve want a makeshift. I do think he 's the very littlest chap in the neighbourhood!"

"Small as a quartern o' soap a'ter a veek's vash," said the washerwoman.

At this sally Mary was so tickled that she laughed "fit to bu'st her stay-lace," as she elegantly expressed it.

"Vell, I vashed for 'em a matter o' two year or so," continued Mrs. Naggs.

"And I 'm sure it does you credit, for I never see'd a tradesman's linen so got up afore."

"Dickeys and collars—nothin' but dickeys and collars, child; them Norris's is all outside show, like a

booth at Bart'lemy Fair. Linen, indeed ! vy the principal part o' the vash vas caliker and long-cloth !”

“ Vell, now, on'y think how deceptious !” cried the enlightened Mary ; “ and sich stuck-up people too ! ”

“ I should only ha' liked you to ha' see'd the dabs and rags. I vos a'most ashamed to hang 'em out, for they vos the colour o' pagles, or saffron ; all the b'ilin' in the vorld varn't o' no use, lettin' alone the blue I put in 'em. No 'ooman breathin' ever slaved more nor I did to please 'em ; but, the more vun does for some people, the less vun pleases 'em. And, as for Mother Norris, Lor'-a-mussy ! talk o' sperrit—”

“ I al'ays said as she vos a wixen.”

“ A wixen ! a downright fury ! vonce put her up, and, my goodness ! ther' isn't no standin' it.”

“ Ha ! I should be fright'ed out o' my siven sinses. She's sich a strapper, too ! ”

“ She couldn't come over me, though,” said Mrs. Naggs, elevating her head, and compressing her lips with a mock dignity that might have done credit to a caricaturist of Mrs. Siddons. “ I knows my business ; and thof, perhaps, no vun knows better on which side their bread 's butter'd than myself, let me tell you, it vou'd take a better 'ooman nor Mrs. Norris to get the upper hand o' me. No ; I'd sooner starve outright than lick the shoes of man, 'ooman, or child ; and so, when she began a-blustering and a-rating o' me about the things, I up'd and told her a bit o' my mind in a twinkling. I said, says I, ‘ Mrs. Norris, I'm werry sorry I ain't pleased you,’ says I ; ‘ but, if the truth

must be spoke, the things ain't worth the soap they 're vash'd in. They 're fitterer,' says I, 'to put in the rag-bag, ma'am,' says I, 'than the vash-tub.' My gracious! the bu'st o' passion as followed! the blowin' up of a copper-hole is child's play to it. Little Norris put his head in, thinking some dreadful haccident vos the matter; and she, findin' she couldn't do nothink vith me, turned upon the little hop-o'-my-thumb like a tiger-cat. And I heerd 'em at it pell-mell in the parlour—leastways Mrs. Norris—for the poor man dar'n't say as his soul's his own."

"And you left, in course?"

"Di-rectly!" emphatically replied Mrs. Naggs, "ay, afore the vash vos got up, too, and left 'em to finish it in the best vay they could; for, thof I am a poor 'ooman, I 'm flesh and blood as vell as Mother Norris, vith all her hairs and graces, and, thank goodness! vwhile I've a pair o' hands, I can al'ays arn my livin', and keep the volf from the door!"

"Vell! for the life o' me, I sha'n't soon forget little Norris pokin' his head in!" exclaimed Mary. "It must ha' bin a funny thing to ha' seen him bolt; but it 's a sin, and a pity too, as he cotch'd sich a clapper-clawin' for his goodnatur'."

"'Deed, did he," said Mrs. Naggs, "for he shook in his shoes, and hadn't a vord to throw at a dog."

"Vell, if ever I marry, I 'll have a man at any rate," said Mary; "but, somehow or another, I don't

know how it is, but I al'ays thought that that 'ooman vore the ——"

The bedroom bell rang, and effectually startled the gossips. Mary scuttled up stairs, and Mrs. Naggs poked the copper-fire, and rolled about the washing-tubs with a noise and bustle loud enough to intimate to the family that she was there, and busily occupied in her vocation.

About a week after this grand wash Mrs. Naggs was intent on her domestic concerns, in her humble and dirty lodging up three pair, in a narrow, crowded alley, when a young woman, dressed in a flaunting, many-coloured gingham-gown, a "decent" shawl, and a straw-bonnet set off with new crisp ribbons, a pair of tight black kid gloves on her large ruddy hands, tapped gently at her door.

Mrs. Naggs rose from her knees, for she was scrubbing the floor; and, approaching the door, brush in hand, she put forth her grubby countenance, surmounted by a smoke-discoloured cap.

"Is Missis Naggs at home?" inquired the young woman.

"Yes, marm," replied Mrs. Naggs; then, scrutinizing the countenance of her visitor, suddenly exclaimed, "Vell, to be sure! and it is you, Mary? Bless me! I really, now, didn't know you. Come in, child—do. Why, you 're as smart as a carrot, I do declare. Take care of the pail. On'y to think you should catch me in this preshus muddle. I'm all sixes and sevens."

"Don't make no ceremony o' me, I beg," said Mary—for it was that identical lass. "I insist you don't put yourself out o' the way on my account."

"Don't set down. Let me dust the chair, or you'll spile your gownd," said Mrs. Naggs, applying a duster to the chair. "Vot a sweet pretty pattern it is," continued she, sitting *vis-à-vis* to her visitor, and, placing her hands upon her knees, began to examine her from top to toe.

"Vot's this, child?" said she, receiving a small parcel from the maid.

"On'y a trifle of tea and sugar," said Mary.

"Dear me! that's werry thoughtful o' you. I'm sure I'm obleeged to you, my dear," replied Mrs. Naggs.

"It's my day out," continued Mary; "and I says to myself, says I, 'I'll jist go and drop in on Mrs. Naggs.'"

"You're werry kind, I'm sure," said Mrs. Naggs; "but, can I do nothink for you? Von't you take a snack, or a drop of anythink?"

"No, thankye; I'm off in a jiffy," said Mary. "On'y vun vord—you know I'm werry comfortable."

"Partic'ler nice people them Dickens's."

"But they don't allow no follerers."

"Werry onreasonable," said Mrs. Naggs. "As if gals hadn't nobody to care nothink about 'em as vell as other people. It's quite onnat'ral, and I've al'ays

said so; for, as I told Mrs. Norman,—‘Marm,’ says I, ‘excuse my boldness, but it’s my mind, if so be as how you shut the door ag’in sarvant’s follerers,’ says I, ‘depend on ’t, marm, they’ll be hangin’ their heads out o’ vinder, or gossiping over the vall, for Natur’ ’s Natur’, and it vill have its vay vun vay or another, take my vord for it, marm;’ for I al’ays puts in a vord for you gals ven I can, for it’s no more nor grateful o’ me, for many’s the good turn I owes ’em.”

Having exhausted her breath, Mary had an opportunity of continuing her communication, the prime object of her visit. “You see, Mrs. Naggs, (I’m quite open vith you, ’cos I knows you can keep a secret,) there’s a young feller—a bricklayer he is—as come to mend our copper; he’s bin werry partic’ler. I’m sure I don’t know vot the man sees in me.”

“Oh! don’t say so,” chimed in Mrs. Naggs. “I’m sufe as any young feller as has his eyes about him—”

“Nonsense!” interrupted Mary, blushing “rosy red, love’s proper hue,” through the shining varnish of her plump cheeks, which were highly polished with yellow soap. “I’m sure he might do better, for he’s a werry likely young man, and earns a matter of a guinea a week at his trade, and dresses—ven he does dress—so genteel; I’m sure you’ll like him.”

“I’m sure I shall,” said the accommodating Mrs. Naggs; “a guinea a week, my dear, is not to be

sneezed at. But, are you quite sure he 's in 'ar-nest? I knowed a young bricklayer as kept company with Mrs. Villiams's Susan as behaved shameful—shocking indeed! Vot 's your sweetheart's name, my dear?"

"Davis," said Mary anxiously, "Villiam Davis."

"Ah! Susan's bricklayer's name vos Ryan," said Mrs. Naggs. "He vos a young Hirishman."

"I can't a-bear a Hirishman," said Mary; "they've too much flummery about 'em for my money!"

"So they have, my dear,—you 're right," said Mrs. Naggs.

And then Mary proceeded to unfold to her obliging confidante all the particulars of her 'amour, and finally expressed a desire that she would permit her and her swain to meet at her lodgings, which were so conveniently situated, that she had many opportunities of just running out, and seeing him for a few brief moments; and which accommodation was, of course, most willingly accorded: but the washerwoman, however, extorted so much from the generous lover, as well as the confiding Mary, that she ultimately lost all in endeavouring to grasp too much; and they both considered her demands so exorbitant, that, at the expiration of her "warning" to Mrs. Dickens, they got married one sunshiny morning without even inviting Mrs. Naggs to partake of the wedding-feast, who bitterly exclaimed against the "ingratitude of people who made cat's paws of other people, jist to serve their own ends, and then turned a cold shoulder upon 'em; and, if she

had on'y a-know'd it, she 'd have up'd and told her missus of their 'goings-on,' and put a spoke in their wheels—that she vou'd !”

But, fortunately, the bricklayer turned out a “true lovyer,” and made Mary an excellent husband, in spite of the political but short-sighted manœuvres of the washerwoman, who would fain have prolonged the courtship to an indefinite period !

A FRAGMENT FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DUCK.

SOME men are said to make "ducks and drakes" of their fortune; my provident master, on the contrary, made his fortune of ducks and drakes.

A large weedy pond on the borders of his little patrimony was the scene of my youthful pleasures. The place was surrounded by sedgy banks, agreeably shaded by willows which they call "weeping," although I can assert, from personal observation, that they never added a single tear-drop to our aquatic demesne. People may "cry them up," but they never cry themselves.

In a snug nest on the borders of this secluded place I first "saw the light," with eight brothers and sisters. Led by our dear mother, we might be seen on our birthday rushing instinctively towards the cooling element, as *bright* and *yellow* as a new *issue* of *gold* from the *Bank*!

My mother was congratulated upon the appearance of her family by all except an old duck, who was dabbling solitarily in the distance. "That old duck in the *weeds* yonder," observed my mother, "is a *widow*; she has lately lost her drake, and feels no sympathy in

my pleasure." We rapidly gained strength, and were soon able to provide for ourselves ; in fact, no family ever went on more *swimmingly*. We were very gay, and sported about with all the heedlessness of youth during the day ; and in the evening, harboured by her downy breast, we lay as snug as a little fleet in Brest harbour !

One day, in the midst of our pastime, the whole community was thrown into the utmost confusion by the bark of a dog, and the next minute the monster leaped into the water.

My mother, with her usual presence of mind, dived ; and we, following her example, reached the opposite bank in safety. I do not know what might have been the consequences of this intrusion if our master and a friend had not arrived immediately, and expelled the dog, who went howling away to his owner, a shabby-genteel fellow who appeared on the opposite bank to our asylum ; and so the affair ended with our master beating the dog, and our beating a retreat.

"Do you know that fellow?" inquired our master.

"Oh ! very well," replied his friend : "'tis Tim Consol, the stockbroker ; I suppose he wanted a pair of 'white ducks,' for he is very much out of 'feather.' What a 'dabbler' he has been ! You know that he is a *lame duck*, I suppose ? Yes,—he lately *waddled* ; but, though a lame duck, he is a great *bettor*, and he still *lays* !"

"Do you hear that, my ducklings?" said my mother ; "that fellow is a bad character. There is no doubt, from what our master's friend asserts, that *he is*

a duck, and changed to a man for some sin he has committed. What a punishment ! I dare say he would give something to be *afloat* again."

"He cannot provide for his bills —"

"Thank goodness, *we* can !" interjected my mother.

"And so," continued our master's friend, "he is at present on the wing."

"Feeding on the air, I suppose," said my mother.

"Having once lost his feet, he will never keep his head above water."

"No more should we !" sighed my mother. "Alas ! he must have been a *wild* duck, indeed !"

"He used to take spirit with his water," continued the friend ; "but now he takes it neat, and he must sink !"

"There's a lesson !" said my moralizing mother. "I wish all my children to be of the 'temperance society.' Never abandon the water. Take to the water with spirit, but never spirit with the water ! I shall call a meeting to-morrow while this water's in my head, — this moral, I mean ; and, I have no doubt, my resolutions on the subject will be approved by an universal *quack* ! I shall conclude my address by proposing this appropriate sentiment : — May every duck die with *water on his chest* !"

OPINIONS OF THE "TIMES."

THE cobbler declares the times want "mending,"—that his "*little awl*" is insufficient to support him, although he is the "*last*" to complain.

The watchmakers say their watches "don't go," and they shall be "wound up" if the "spring" does not produce a "movement." Even the undertakers complain that their trade is "dead;" and the little ale-brewers that everything in their line is "*flat, stale, and unprofitable*." Cabinet-makers are compelled to return their bills to their "drawers;" and chair-manufacturers vow they have not a "leg to stand on."

Bed-manufacturers say these are not times for "feathering their nests," and that they are obliged to "bolster up" their business by getting "tick" wherever they can.

The trunk-makers, when others talk of distress, hold up their hands and cry, "they never *saw* such a *deal*," and that they daily see more cases of distress than packing-cases!

The little wine-merchant declares, like the "cabin-boy," that he is "wrecked in sight of *port*!"

The poulterer, that purchasing stock is really making "ducks and drakes" of his money, for all his customers are "on the wing."

The rope-maker finds "spinning a long yarn" as unprofitable as an author's writing "wonderful tales" without the prospect of a publisher, and thinks seriously of making a rope for himself.

The hackney-coachman says that the omnibuses have run away with his customers, and that his vocation is all at a — *stand!*

Ask the market-gardener "How are turnips?" or "How are potatoes?" and he answers that they are "*Flat, very flat.*"

And thus it is with every calling and profession. Some have recourse to emigration, and, of course, many *journey-men* become *travellers* from necessity.

The philosophers say there is no such thing as *colour*; yet the times certainly look *black*, and everybody looks *blue*.

The want of money is undoubtedly universal, and the *smallest change* would be acceptable.

THE OLD LEDGER.



THE INTRODUCTION.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Thorley was purely accidental, and arose out of a commercial transaction which I had with the well-known firm of Holdfast, Steady, and Co. of —— Yard, in the City of London. Having postponed from various causes the commission with which I had been intrusted, and hearing that the

packet was to sail on the following day, I hastily threw aside my books, my slippers, and my indolence, and hurried off to execute my correspondent's commands, not without experiencing some apprehension that my procrastination might have already rendered my intentions abortive.

Through lane and alley I made my tedious way, jostling in my expedition smart clerks and greasy porters, all as busy as so many ants, and, to my great relief, at last entered the quiet precincts of — Yard, with no other damage than a slight contusion, occasioned by my coming in contact with an empty milk-pail, which the milkmaid (a stout Irishwoman of fifty summers) swung carelessly against my right leg.

After buffeting the motley throng, the place really appeared a haven of rest, into which I had run from a "sea of troubles."

A ticket-porter, with his short white apron and his pewter badge, was walking up and down with the calmness of a Peripatetic philosopher — I am quite sure he was not a Cynic; for, upon inquiring for the office I sought, he politely pointed it out. At the same time I thought I detected a look of wonder at my ignorance of the locality of the greatest house in the world; that is, his world, which was probably limited to this solitary yard, wherein he moved and got his daily bread.

I pushed open the green-baize doors, with their orbicular ground-glass panes, which appeared like a pair of huge eyes deprived of vision, and entered a spacious office.

There was a gloom—an oldness—a certain wear-and-tear about the place, that looked both cozey and respectable.

Many grey heads and bald heads, and spectacles both of silver and tortoiseshell, did I behold, and only one smart hat, and that was stuck jauntily on the head of a gentleman about two-and-twenty, with a handsome florid complexion, dressed in a cut-away Newmarket coat, top-boots, and white corduroys.

He was swinging to and fro on an office-stool, with a penknife poised 'twixt his fore-finger and thumb, and darting it javelin-wise at the desk.

“Now, really, Mr. William,” said a soft voice in a tone of remonstrance, — “really, Mr. William, that is so childish of you!” And the speaker, picking up the knife, removed it beyond his reach.

Observing me, the young man coloured with confusion, and, wheeling round upon the stool, walked off, “whistling as he went for want of thought,” and vanished behind the intervening partition. I afterwards learned that “Mr. William” was the eldest son of the senior partner of the firm.

A little, pleasant, gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in the fashion of the last century, with his silver-rimmed spectacles thrown up above his eyebrows, whom I recognised as the speaker, now came forward, and politely demanded my business.

Having shortly communicated the purport of my visit, and handed him the packet with which I had been intrusted, he begged me to step into the adjoining room, and he would furnish me with the necessary receipt, &c.



I entered a spacious office covered with a well-worn Turkey carpet. On one side hung a map of the world, as yellow as if the fogs of forty Novembers had been sublimated on its dingy surface ; a portrait was suspended over the fire-place, almost as obscure as the map ; mahogany chairs, with horse-hair bottoms ; a library-table littered with papers, and an easy-chair covered with black leather, completed the appointments. Everything around, indeed, appeared coeval with the old-established firm.

The old gentleman sat himself down to his desk, after inviting me to be seated, and, having deliberately adjusted his spectacles, commenced writing, when a broad-shouldered porter entered with a copper scuttle in his hand to feed the flame.

“ Well, Smith,” said he without turning his head, “ how ’s the wife ? ”

“ Better, — werry much better, I ’m obleeged to you, sir,” replied the man ; and he proceeded to supply the grate. “ That doctor as you were so kind as to send ha’ done her a world o’ good.”

“ Glad to hear it,” said the old gentleman.

“ He ’s a good ’un, he is,” continued the man. “ But the old ’ooman was raythur flustered a bit when he drew up in his carriage.”

“ I dare say — ”

“ But he made hisself at home in no time,” said the porter. “ Why, sir, I actilly found him a-taking of a dish of tea with the old ’ooman, — I did, indeed ; and talking so pleasant like, it done one’s heart good.”

“ Take care, Smith ! ” said the old gentleman with

mock gravity, "these medical gentlemen are very insinuating."

"Oh, lauk, sir! I 'm not afeard of his insinuations, — not I. She ain't no lamb, to be run away vith," replied the porter; and, chuckling at the conceit of the old gentleman, he quitted the room, no doubt to retail the joke to the gentlemen of the outer office.

"Excuse this interruption, sir," said the old gentleman; "but Smith is an old and valued servant: man and boy, he has served the house above forty years, and is a sort of privileged person in the establishment. I'll be bound he would not be tempted to quit the firm for an alderman's gown!"

I expressed my pleasure, and quoted some common-places about fidelity and long service, concluding with my real conviction, that good masters make good servants, meaning to pay him a compliment.

"I agree with you, sir, on that point," replied he, "and thank you for the intended compliment: but I am not one of the firm; I am merely their confidential clerk. My name is Josiah Thorley, at your service."

We bowed.

"Yes, sir," continued he; "for five-and-twenty years I have occupied this room in that capacity."

"And a very comfortable room it is," said I; "but the prospect, I think, is rather melancholy," pointing at the small churchyard which was visible through, and came close up to, the broad window.

"Melancholy!" replied he; "why, my dear sir, that little patch of green is as pleasant in my sight as a turf to a lark! As Milton says, 'the mind is

its own place; and you cannot imagine the infinite delight I take in that confined view, or the pleasant materials for meditation which it supplies. And then to hear the pealing of the church-organ breaking through the quiet of this place is so soothing, and breathes such a calm and holy spirit, that it is truly enviable."

"Really, Mr. Thorley," said I, surprised to find so much poetical enthusiasm in the narrow confines of an office, "you are to be envied the possession of such pleasant thoughts and feelings."

"And yet am I rather diffident of expressing them," replied he, "for I have met with more ridicule than sympathy. But I am like a bird in a cage, upon whom these rays of poetry fall like the glimpses of the sun, and cheer me in the prison to which my occupation dooms me. At the same time, I must confess that time and habit have at last so moulded my mind to this limited sphere of action, that liberty would now be irksome to me, and, as the poet sings, 'I would not, if I could, be *free*.'"

"And that there is wisdom in that resolve experience teaches us," I remarked. "Among a thousand instances that could be cited, there is none more conclusive than the example of the amiable Charles Lamb, who was all his life pining to be free from the thralldom of business; and, when at last he attained his object, he discovered that he had only been pursuing a delusive phantom of the imagination, and candidly confessed his error."

"Good, kind-hearted Elia!" exclaimed Thorley; "with what delight I used to devour his contributions

in the 'London Magazine!' Sir," continued he emphatically, "I once had the honour of being in the company of that extraordinary man. I shall never forget it. Esteeming his writings as I did, you may readily conceive the gratification I felt. It was at a dinner-party given by my friend M——, at Clapham. There was an unassuming quietness in his manner, and a quaintness of expression, accompanied with a hesitation in his speech, that at first precluded him from taking that prominent position which is generally usurped by the 'lion' of a party. In fact, our lamb was one of those lions whose roar is more like that of a 'sucking dove' than the king of the forest. When the conversation warmed into life, he became very facetious; and the puns he perpetrated, although of an order peculiar to himself, created infinite amusement among the guests. For example, handing up his plate for gravy, he asked the hostess to '*liquidate* him;' and again, on the cover being taken from a dish of early peas, a gentleman asking him if they were not quite a treat, he answered, 'Yes, sir, quite a *treat-y* of *pease*!' as a German would say. A lady inquiring what were the *articles* of *war*, he seriously answered, '*Guns, swords, trumpets, and drums*!' Helping one of the guests to a woodcock, 'I've given you a *better half*, sir,' said he.—'You've favoured me,' replied the gentleman.—'Don't mention it,' said Lamb; and then added in his hesitating manner, 'I—I *charge* you, sir; for, you see, I've sent you the *bill* with it!' A stout gentleman, just arrived from India, was discoursing very volubly upon a tiger-hunt, in which, of course, he had been personally en-

gaged, when Lamb whispered his host, 'Your fat Indian friend is really *Indy-fat-igable*.' When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, my friend's daughter was exhibiting some beautiful drawings, and discoursing with all the fervour of a horticulturist upon anemones, grandifloras, china-asters, &c. 'Very pretty,' said Lamb, peeping over her shoulder.—'Now, pray do tell us, Mr. Lamb, which among the flowers is your favourite?' said she. 'The rose, the lily, or the modest violet, or perhaps Apollo's devoted worshiper, the sunflower, as you are a poet?'—'My dear young lady,' said he, 'I have no doubt your choice is the result of fancy, while mine may be said to be a mere matter of taste; for, of all the flowers that are grown, I prefer ——'—'Which?'—'A *cauliflower*, my dear,' replied he, with a gravity which set all the expectant auditors in a roar. But both my memory and my language fail to do justice to his humour; the cold repetition of his words is like collecting spent shot after they have been flattened against a stone wall."

After a world of discourse upon literary matters I expressed my pleasure in having made his acquaintance, and, with a flattering invitation to repeat my visit, I shook hands with the old man and departed.

Subsequently, upon a more intimate knowledge of each other, Mr. Thorley confessed to me, *sub rosâ*, that he had committed authorship, although he had never appeared in print; and, one evening, when all the gentlemen of the establishment had departed, and no one but Smith, the porter, remained to close the office, he cautiously unlocked a drawer in his writing-

table, and drew forth an old ledger, bound in russia, and carefully locked.

"This is my album," said he, smiling. "Don't be startled by its external appearance; for, such is the force of habit, I don't think I could collect my ideas, and register them in a volume of any other form: besides, it bears the semblance of business; and, being interleaved with blotting-paper, should I be interrupted in the entry of my lucubrations, I have only to close the book, and there it lies on my desk in its hypocritical garb, without creating any suspicion of its contents, for I am sensibly alive to ridicule; and, should any of the gentlemen of the firm suspect me of being an author, I should probably not only lose my authority, but these worthy matter-of-fact men of business would infallibly 'write me down an ass,'—so incompatible are the pursuits of literature and commerce generally considered by the world. That this is a vulgar error, I am convinced; for the composition of these trifles have merely been the innocent recreation of my leisure hours. Like Æsop, I may truly say, these are my 'game of marbles,' which I have played after the sterner duties of the day have been fulfilled."

Having committed the Old Ledger to my custody, with strict injunctions not to breathe a syllable to a living soul of its contents, or the author, I perused the strange volume, marking those pieces which appeared fit for publication, and, upon returning it, expressed a wish that he would "give it to the public," offering at the same time to illustrate it; but the old clerk instinctively shuddered at the idea of submitting his labours to such an ordeal.



"No," said he; "I wrote them solely for my own recreation; but when I am gone, should you still entertain a favourable opinion of them, you are at liberty to publish them. I will bequeath the volume to you as a legacy."

The worthy old man now sleeps quietly in that same churchyard, wherein, while living, he found so much matter for meditation; and I now present to the public those papers, the composition of which gave so much harmless pleasure to the author, and, with the sincere wish that my readers may, at least, derive some portion of that pleasure in the perusal, I humbly submit my editorial labours to their favourable notice.



BALANCING THE BOOKS.

THE OLD LEDGER.—No. I.

THE GREY MARE.

EVERY little place in the country has its great man, who stands as conspicuously among the smaller folk as a pear-tree in the midst of a plantation of cabbages.

Mr. Josiah Greene had by his extraordinary tact and ability obtained this enviable pre-eminence in the town of B——. He was a tall, brown, bony, gawky man, measuring about six feet in his stockings, with sharp, angular features, illuminated with a pair of penetrating grey eyes ; although the precise colour of his optics was a matter of dispute among the ladies, arising from the reflection of his green spectacles.

He usually wore a slouching drab hat, turned up with green ; a “pudding” neckcloth, encompassing his long, skinny neck : his sober suit was large and ill-fitting, and his drab gaiters hung loosely upon his calfless legs. A pair of wide, easy, lack-lustre shoes completed his attire. His literary pursuits were peculiar, but not uncommon : devouring with avidity the miscellaneous “hotch-potch” of newspapers and magazines, he was reported to know “everything.” He was in the enjoyment of a tolerable income, and was respectfully

called by his inferiors "Squire;" whilst his familiars dubbed him "Doctor," although he had really no more pretensions to the M.D. than he had to the D.D.

Having lately "taken" to geology, he might be daily seen in the neighbourhood with his bag and hammer, macadamizing the unoffending pebbles with all the assiduity of a parish-pauper labouring for his eight-pence per diem.

In this harmless pursuit he had accumulated materials almost sufficient to pave a carriage-sweep.

His establishment was upon a very economical scale, consisting of one "girl," as he termed her, (although poor Mary had long since passed her fortieth summer,) and an "occasional" man, who served him in the double capacity of groom and gardener; for, albeit Mr. Josiah Greene had no horse, he possessed a "mare," which in point of bone was matchless; such a square head, and straight neck, and angles enough for the illustration of a whole book of trigonometry. Indeed, his grey mare was very like a wooden one animated; and, in point of flesh, the dogs in the neighbourhood had, in truth, but a sorry prospect.

But her worth and virtues outweighed, in the Doctor's mind, her deplorable want of personal beauty; for he was frequently heard to declare that she was so safe and sure-footed, and withal so docile, that he could guide her with a pack-thread; and then, as for starting or shying, it was a perfect insult to her general propriety of conduct to imagine her capable of freaks so unbecoming in one of her "condition!"

Though not far advanced in years, "Mimmy" (so called by her sponsors) was "grey," with tail and ears uncropped, in all the length and luxuriance of their natural beauty.

In his habits Josiah himself was perfectly mechanical, dividing his time, like a musician, into thirds. The morning was usually devoted latterly to geological pursuits, his afternoon to riding, whilst his evenings were customarily spent at one or other of his acquaintances'.

With the males he smoked his cool pipe, and quaffed home-brewed, and discussed the business and affairs of the parish or the county. In elections he became an orator, although his warm and eloquent harangues were confined to the circle in which he revolved.

He was a staunch Tory in his politics, and successfully brought over the whole "clique" to his way of thinking, notwithstanding the opposition of the village-lawyer, who was a red-hot Radical, and nightly held forth in the tap-room of the principal, and indeed only, inn of the place; but who failed, from his want of character, in making any converts, except amongst the lowest class, who, fortunately for the safety of the country, as Greene asserted, had no voice, albeit they were loud and liberal enough in their applause of the lawyer's levelling opinions.

With the female portion of the community Josiah was a great favourite, for he had a "world of small-talk," and could, moreover, join in all their snug cribbage and whist parties, and was ever ready to give his opinion as well of muslins, chintzes, or silks, as of

flower-roots. And then, he had "such taste" that his judgment was as infallibly taken in ribbons as in politics.

His tame "lionism," however, was doomed to suffer a partial eclipse. Two dashing youths from College came to spend a few days at the residence of a maiden aunt in the village; and the novelty and brilliancy of their vivacious conversation threw Josiah completely into the shade, and the great leader—the Paganini of the little coterie—was compelled to play second fiddle. Notwithstanding his boasted philosophy, he could not refrain from *exhibiting evident* symptoms of uneasiness, and, like a carp thrown suddenly out of his natural element, he opened his mouth, and gasped, and—said nothing!

If his personal consequence was diminished, his character, too, at this juncture was assailed by suspicions of the most flagrant and unseemly conduct. Scandal was busy with his name, and he began to suffer from the coldness and neglect of his former associates.

As usual, Detraction only uttered her blighting innuendoes in the most inaudible whispers, giving him no chance of reply or justification; he consequently only felt the effect without suspecting the true cause, and—he hammered away more furiously than ever at the stones in the neighbourhood.

"Well, Mary," said old Andrews, the groom-gardener, twirling a potato-dibble in his hand, and hanging over the half-door which led into her sanctum, the kitchen.

"Well, Master Andrews," said Mary, resting

a while from her labours, for she was trying hard to restore the "shine" to a smoked saucepan, which time and her industry had united to deprive of its "tin."

"It 's main hot, Mary," continued Andrews; "and this 'tato' plantin's dry work."

"Will thee have a drink, Andrews?"

"Why, thank ye, I don't care much if I do," replied he.

"I 've nothing but the weak small."

"Oh! it 'll wet where it goes," said he, "and that 's enough."

So Mary drew him a pint mug of the poor liquor, and presented it to him.

"Will thee like a slice o' cold meat or so?" inquired Mary.

"Why, I don't think as how 'twill hurt me if so be I do," answered Andrews; "for I 'd nothin' but knobs o' chairs and pump-handles for dinner, and I 've got an appetite which comes and goes like a saw!"

The meat was forthwith produced, and the couple had what Andrews termed a "confab."

"It was my birthday yesterday," said he.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mary, as if it were really an extraordinary thing for a man to have a birthday; "and, pray, how old may you be?"

"Fifty-two," replied Andrews.

"Fifty-two!" echoed Mary emphatically.

"Ay,—a good age for a hog, ain't it?" and then they broke forth into a simultaneous laugh.

"How old do 'ee think I be, Andrews?" said Mary.

"Why, thirty next grass, maybe," guessed the gallant Andrews.

"A leetle more nor than that, anyhow," said Mary, bridling up, and by no means displeased at the insidious compliment; and then graciously added, "Come, you don't eat; take another slice o' meat, and another mug."

It is needless to say the invitation was complied with.

"What the dickens is the matter with our master?" said Andrews. "He seemed quite in a winegar fever this mornin'."

"I tell you what it is," said Mary; "he ain't bin right sin' them College chaps came among us."

"A couple o' yellow-beaked boys!" muttered Andrews. "Sure-ly they can't put *his* nose out o' joint; thof I did hear say them Watsons up yonder brought out the brown loaf to him t'other day. Sartin 'tis he were as hurried and flurried this mornin' for all the world like a dry leaf in a whirlwind."

"Them are upstart folk, them Watsons," remarked Mary.

"Yes; I've hard Jem say (and he knows a thing or two) that their larder's the smallest possible; and that a dish o' fricaseed wind and stewed tinder would last the two old frumps for a week on end!"

Here ensued another hearty laugh. Andrews, however, notwithstanding the cachinnatory interruption, managed to ply his knife and fork so cleverly during

the colloquy, that he contrived to scrape the blade-bone to an alarming bareness.

But no clue to the cause of the "Squire's" unaccountable change was elicited by the two domestics. The fact is, the news had not yet spread abroad. When it had gone the customary round of the tea-table tattlers, it gradually extended to the kitchen, and from thence in a right line to the whole village.

It was confidently reported, that late one evening the well-known grey mare of Josiah Greene was seen standing at the door of a small house in the neighbouring market-town, where dwelt in genteel retirement a "young lady," who had certainly no claim to a "character" from her last place!

All the spinsters were "horrified," while the married ladies dreaded the force of example, and all concurred in the opinion that the "Doctor" was a very shocking old man.

The Radical little lawyer, with the fear of an action for slander or calumny before his eyes, pretended to take up the cudgels in favour of his rival, and ingeniously contradicted the report wherever he went.

"Notwithstanding the well-known difference of their political views, he would not—nay, he could not for a moment entertain so injurious and illiberal an opinion of Greene as to think he could possibly do so and so." And then, having completely aroused the curiosity of those who had heard nothing of the malicious report, he proceeded to relate the shameful rumour which had got abroad.

Poor Greene, however, was the only individual in



the village who was in ignorance of the rising storm which threatened the wreck of his moral character, and was daily more and more puzzled to imagine the cause of the frigidity and indifference of his friends.

At length the whole mystery burst upon the astonished philosopher like a thunder-clap.

Busily occupied one evening in the arrangement of his fractured pebbles, his tranquillity was suddenly disturbed by the announcement of the lawyer.

"This is really an unexpected honour," said Greene ironically.

The lawyer bowed, looked grave, and took a seat.

"I have ill tidings," — commenced the man of law.

"Eh, what?" cried Greene. "Why, what Radical is likely to lose his election?"

"None; but there is a staunch Tory likely to be 'put out,'" retorted the lawyer.

"How so?"

"Why, I am sorry to say it, but my client, Farmer Hodges, has instructed me to serve you with notice of action for a trespass."

"Me?" exclaimed Greene, starting up from his seat.

"You. He accuses you of riding across one of his enclosures late on the evening of the 10th instant, and of doing considerable damage to his crop or crops, and of breaking certain fences of wood."

"A fine story, truly!" cried Greene, recovering his composure. "Let me see—the 10th—that was

Thursday—yes, Thursday. I was never out of the house the whole of the day.”

“That remains to be proved. Hodges has three or four credible witnesses who have made oath to the identity of the horse or mare.”

“Umph!” cried the mystified Greene; “this is strange—very strange!—unaccountable!” And, rising, he rang the bell.

Mary answered the summons.

“Where is Andrews?” demanded he.

“Watering the cabbage-plants,” replied the ancient domestic.

“Send him in immediately.”

Old Andrews appeared with his blue apron tucked up on one side, and the perspiration standing upon his brown and ruddy brow.

“Pray, Andrews, do you ever recollect,” said Greene, “that I have ridden Mimmy of an evening?”

“No, sir, never.”

“Can you swear to this?” demanded the lawyer.

“Take my bible-oath on it afore any justice in the county,” replied Andrews, positively doubling his huge fist, and beating the air emphatically to clench his asseveration.

The “Squire” then proceeded to repeat the accusation the lawyer had made.

“It’s all a flam, by jingo!” cried Andrews, looking excited and confused.

“Are you prepared upon your oath—(remember an oath is an awful thing, Andrews!)—are you ready upon your oath, I repeat, to say that, to the best of

your knowledge and belief, the grey mare was not out of the stable on the evening of Thursday last ?”

“Thursday evening !” repeated Andrews, scratching his ear—

“The infallible resource
To which embarrassed people have recourse,”

and looking rather confused,—“Thursday evening ?”

“Remember, Andrews,” said Greene anxiously, “that I am threatened with a law-suit for damages, and that I rely confidently upon your evidence to exculpate me. Yes, your old master may be ruined ; for I am resolved to spend the last farthing I have in the world in defending my cause.”

Andrews looked seriously at his worthy master, then at the lawyer, and his knees evidently trembled. At last recovering his possession of mind, he exclaimed,

“Yes !—she were out, as I am a sinner, and hope to be saved !”

“There !” said the lawyer ; “that is enough.”

“What ! do you, too, mean to bear false witness against me ?” said Josiah.

“No, no, no !” said Andrews convulsively, and dropping on his knees. “Pardon me, dear master ! I b’lieve for a sartainty the old gentleman ha’ got the upper hand o’ me. There’s never no mischief but he has a finger in the pie. Them two devil-may-care chaps at the house yonder has led me into this scrape.”

Greene sternly demanded him to rise, and, after much circumlocution, they elicited from the unfortunate gardener the fact that the two College youths had secretly fee'd him to lend the mare on two or three occasions, no doubt for the very purpose of mystifying the character of the eccentric geologist, and involving him in a dilemma; in which charitable purpose, as we have seen, they had succeeded to their hearts' content.

The lawyer was satisfied, but by no means internally pleased with the justification of his old rival, and retreated completely baffled and confused.

Old Andrews was terribly alarmed, but readily obtained the forgiveness of his worthy master, who was too much delighted at having removed the imputation cast upon his character to harbour any vindictive feelings against his unwise domestic, who had been made the dupe of the two rival "lions."

The whole detail of the affair was soon spread abroad, and the good folks of the village, who really esteemed the "Doctor," now generously took up the cudgels in his favour, resolving to make him every reparation for the unmerited slight and neglect he had suffered. They openly deprecated the "lark" of the young gentlemen, and refused to have any intercourse with them.

The consequence was, they compounded with Farmer Hodges for the damage done to his "crop or crops," and soon afterwards quitted the scene of their "rural sports," laughing heartily at the mystification

into which they had thrown the "Macadamizing old square-toes," through the instrumentality of old Andrews and the Grey Mare.



THE FIRST SHORT LITTLE TAIL.

THE OLD LEDGER, No. II.



SEPTIMUS JEFFS.

ALTHOUGH possessed of an ample fortune, and the seventh son of a seventh son, I must candidly confess I am no conjuror, and that, with the best intentions in

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the world, and a craving desire of pleasing everybody, by some strange and unforeseen fatality I am continually "driving my pigs to a wrong market," and have never by any chance been fortunate enough "to hit the right nail upon the head." Any mortal, imbued with a single spoonful less of the milk of human kindness, would have long ere this have been completely soured by such a series of untoward mishaps and disappointments as it has been my lot to experience; but a renewed and apparently inexhaustible hope still urges me on in the pleasant endeavour to gratify the feelings of others. At present, every fairy fabric I have raised appears built upon a foundation of sand, and ends, like the pursuit of a rainbow, in disappointment. I appear diurnally verifying that line of the immortal Pope,

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

Wherein consists the fault I know not; but of this I am perfectly convinced, that it is the error of love, and not the love of error, as Bacon quaintly expresses it.

The other day I invited a select party to a trip to Richmond, and provided boats and provisions for their transport and entertainment. I was early at my toilet; for I like punctuality, and never allow people to fret away their good humour in dancing attendance, or beating the devil's tattoo on my drawing-room tables.

Brown, one of the best fellows that ever stepped in shoe-leather, and the most sincere and attached of my numerous acquaintances, was announced.

"Show him up," said I to the servant.

"Excuse me, Jeffs, for intruding on your privacy at this unseasonable hour; but I thought I might probably be of some service to you in making the necessary arrangements for this day's excursion."

"Excuse you, indeed!" cried I, warmly grasping his hand; "this kindness rather deserves my thanks. I hope your rheumatism is better?"

"So-so," replied he, shrugging up his shoulders. "You know how sensitive I am to damp; and, as the autumn approaches, I have more need of precaution than ever."

"True," answered I; "but I see you have prudently clothed yourself for the occasion."

"Yes," said Brown. "I hope our friends will follow my example; for, however promising the day may appear, the evenings, Jeffs, are usually misty at this season of the year. The ladies are too often blamably careless in attiring themselves for these parties. For my own part, I feel perfectly secure; but I *do* fear—"

"Fear what?" exclaimed I, swinging my suspended Wellington-boots by the "tugs."

"That this present pleasure may be purchased by colds, and other troublesome consequences of exposure."

"Do you think so?" said I.

"I do indeed," replied my excellent friend.

"And how shall we avoid this dangerous drawback on our pleasures?" demanded I.

"Put on your boot," said he.

"I begin to think I have already 'put my foot in it,'" replied I, smiling bitterly at the gloomy prospect of my kind intentions being frustrated. "My usual luck! But pray, my dear friend, what do you advise? I would not for the world run the risk of—"

"A thought strikes me!" exclaimed he, suddenly interrupting me. "Suppose—let me see—you have ordered the coaches to take us to the boats?"

"Yes, yes," said I impatiently.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," continued he. "Order the coaches to drive to *the Forest*, and let's have a pic-nic instead, and let the boats go to the—wharfs again."

"My dear friend," cried I, "you have saved a 'drowning man,' and deserve a medal from the Humane Society. It shall be done—and what a surprise it will be to the whole company!"

"And an agreeable one, I have no doubt," added the ingenious Brown.

It is impossible for words to express how grateful I felt for the kind interference of my friend. The coaches arrived, and presently followed the whole bevy of my acquaintance.

As Brown had predicted, the ladies were gaily but thinly clad, while all the gentlemen wore check shirts, round jackets, and white trowsers, bearing in their hands fishing-rods and landing-nets. Brown looked at me and smiled. I acknowledged his telegraphic intelligence with a nod; for I had more reason than ever to be pleased at his foresight and arrangement.

We soon filled the vehicles, and, chatting and laughing, almost imperceptibly reached our destination.

The surprise of the whole company was prodigious. As they were getting out of the carriages, three or four sportsmen (vulgar Cockneys they must have been) not only laughed outright, but made sundry impertinent observations on the nautical attire of our male friends.

It was certainly not quite in harmony with the scene, I must confess ; but they all laughed, threw back their fishing-tackle into the vehicles, and appeared to enjoy the "surprise" exceedingly.

How difficult it is to fathom the breasts of mankind ! Two days afterwards I learned that the whole party were illiberal enough to attribute my prudent conduct to a fickleness of purpose, and a wanton waywardness of disposition, — ungraciously declaring that they were grievously disappointed, and that the whole affair went off flatly !

Notwithstanding the acknowledged elegance of my suburban establishment, I was well aware that it was wanting in that chief domestic ornament — a wife.

Being connubially inclined, I looked cautiously around me in order to select an appropriate helpmate.

An orderly family, which was well to do in the world, consisting of a father and two grown-up daughters, attracted my attention ; and I was resolved if the eldest, upon a nearer acquaintance, proved agreeable to my wishes, to pop the question. I soon had an opportunity of inviting them to a snug family party.

Everything was put in requisition for this welcome, when Jackson, on the eventful morning, dropped in to

take a snack with me. I mentioned the intended meeting.

"It's all very well, my dear fellow," said he; "but a bachelor giving a family party is really rather *outré*, and I think it will most probably prove a failure."

"Do you think so?" cried I, trembling with apprehension at the prospect of such an issue.

"'Pon my word, I do," replied he. "Now, if it were my case,—"

"What would you do?"

"Why, invite a lot of my friends to meet them, to be sure; get up a little music and singing; and, if I found the thing take, 'kick up' a quadrille."

"Excellent!" exclaimed I. "But the worst of it is, the time is too short."

"Nonsense!" cried Jackson; "you're too fastidious by half. Leave the affair to me! You provide the room, and I'll provide the company."

With the assistance of this truly valuable and disinterested friend, the matter was promptly arranged, and the invitations issued. The chandelier and the candelabras were scarcely lighted before Mr. Wilkinson and his daughters arrived, and, close upon their heels, tripped in the juveniles, all in holiday trim. But she, whom in my mind's eye I regarded as my intended, and her sister were plainly attired, and I suspected, with that constitutional sensitiveness which is indeed my bane, that there was rather too much of that shrinking modesty of the violet about the two sisters. In fact, they *could* not sing, and *would* not dance; the eldest candidly declaring, that they were not attired for the

quadrille, and did not anticipate such an entertainment ! They appeared, however, quite pleased with the music and singing, and I was resolved to thaw their frigidity by my exertions. I sang, recited, and buffooned away the whole evening, assisted by the inimitable Jackson, who certainly played "first fiddle" on the occasion.

Alas ! all my exertions proved worse than fruitless ; for the very next invitation I sent to the Wilkinsons brought an icy note from the father, politely apologizing, and candidly expressing his opinion, that my pursuits and pastimes so ill accorded with his and that of his family, that he considered it best at once to decline any further communication. The very coldness of the note threw me into a profuse perspiration. I read it to Jackson. He raised his brows, and whistled.

"That 's it !" whispered he, slapping his thigh.

"What 's it ?" demanded I.

"Why, they're Methodists !" replied he : "and you've put your foot in it nicely."

I thought this rather abrupt, considering I had followed his advice.

"Now I recollect," continued he, "I remember seeing the name of Wilkinson down for ten guineas to one of the missionary concerns. I'll tell you what to do. There is to be a meeting at the Hephzibah chapel ; attend it ; subscribe, (it's a good cause,) and you may probably regain his good graces."

"I was resolved to shoot this arrow, hit or miss. The Wilkinsons were there, and the worthy old man

made a long speech on the occasion ; in fact, he appeared to be quite a leading man. The list of subscriptions was read over, and my heart fluttered. There was none exceeding one guinea but Wilkinson's, who was down for ten. "All right !" whispered Jackson. I felt an indescribable glow when my name was pronounced, coupled with the donation of twenty pounds ! I saw the colour mount in the sallow cheeks of Wilkinson, and I thought that his daughters acknowledged my liberality with a blush.

But a few days convinced me of my error. My liberality only produced envy ; it was called purse-proud arrogance by the little subscribers ; and as for Wilkinson, whose pride it had been always to be at the head of the list, he regarded my conduct as an open insult, only intended to lower him in the estimation of the multitude ! And so—the breach was widened, and never to be repaired.

Surely the art of pleasing is as difficult of attainment as the discovery of the philosopher's stone ! At least it has been my misfortune to verify this position.

Two political partisans, both intimate friends of mine, quarrelled at the late election. Now I, who really love harmony, determined to act the part of pacificator, and invited both to a dinner-party on the same day.

The consequences were anything and everything but what I fondly anticipated. Only one cracked a bottle on the occasion, and that literally ; for, in the heat of a turbulent argument, one of my friends so far forgot him-

self as to hurl a decanter at the defenceless head of his antagonist ! The scene of confusion that followed beggars all description. The meeting broke up in most admired disorder ; and the next morning an exchange of shots settled the business of one of my friends ; and compelled the precipitate flight of the other.

I was certainly born under some malignant star !

Being at a party during the Christmas vacation, where there was, as usual at such a season, a sprinkling of the juvenile branches, I happened to fall into conversation with a sprightly youth, about twelve years of age, to whose vivid description of his pranks I listened with all the attention and delight which the renewed memory of my own boyish exploits naturally gave birth to. I smiled at his plans of pleasure, and sympathised with him in his complaint of the parental restriction ; for he had set his heart upon having a fire-balloon, which his father, for some prudential reasons, had forbidden.

The conversation ended with a promise on my part to invite a little party to my own house, and to provide the desired object of his wishes.

Cards were issued, appointing an early day, or rather evening ; for I knew the sanguine disposition of a school-boy could not brook delay. Cakes, wine, music, galanti-show, and snap-dragon, were provided in the drawing-room.

The small party impatiently repaired to the garden, where, with the assistance of my servants, we managed to inflate the balloon. It arose amid the applauding shouts of the juveniles ; but, whether arising from our

inexpertness in these matters, or the wind, I know not, but it had scarcely soared above the tree-tops when it caught fire, and, whirling about, fell plump, and was lost from our view in a moment.

The disappointed murmurs of my little company aroused me; and, resolved not to give them time for any further expression of regret, I hurried them to the drawing-room. We were in the height of our amusement, when the door opened, and my groom entered unsummoned. "O sir!" exclaimed he.

"What now?" inquired I. "What's the matter?"

"Such a fire, sir!" replied he.

"Where?" cried I.

"Among the haystacks in the meadow yonder," replied the groom; "and it ain't blazing away a little, sir!"

"Dear me, how unfortunate! Have the engines arrived?"

"Ingins ain't much use, I don't think," replied he.

"Some 'Swing' business this, depend on 't."

"John says, sir, he thinks as how the thingamy dropped thereabouts."

"The what?"

"The balloon, sir."

"The devil!" cried I, my heart misgiving me: for I experienced strange apprehensions that this was one of those identical freaks which Fortune delighted to play upon me. "Stay," continued I, "go, you and John, and offer your assistance."

The prospect of having endangered the property of my neighbour embittered all my pleasure, and, as soon

as possible, I dismissed my young friends to their respective homes.

I learned too soon the truth of my suspicion—the balloon had actually fallen among the haystacks of a



neighbour, and that neighbour was no other than the father of the young gentleman from boarding-school, whose wishes it had been my earnest endeavour to gratify. The very next morning I received a lawyer's letter, containing notice of action for damage, &c. Considering my kind intentions, I certainly could not help thinking that this was rather a sharp proceeding. I expected, as a matter of justice, to make all reasonable restitution for the damage, and would willingly have paid for my "whistle"; but such a show of battle on the part of my neighbour precluded all personal arbitration of our difference, and I was compelled, much against my inclination, to find another "legal rogue" to fight his.

The cost was consequently considerable, and I had

to disburse at least double the amount of the loss sustained by the father, and all arising out of a kindly feeling to entertain the son. But it was my unfortunate destiny that prevailed. I dare say, if I had only attempted to fly a kite, it would have "pitched," and broken the glass of some adjoining pinery!

I became "savage," and for a whole week never attempted to do a kindness to a living soul. Nor did this feeling arise in any degree from the loss of the money, but from the unkindly conduct of, and the wilful and ungenerous misapprehension of my intentions by, my harsh and unfriendly neighbour.

A gentlemanly man, about five and forty years of age, who had amassed a considerable fortune in mercantile pursuits, purchased a handsome house in the parish, and brought home with him a young wife, about eighteen years of age, (the portionless daughter of one of his tradesmen,) to share the pleasure of his retirement. Three weeks of what Byron jocosely terms the "treacle-moon" had scarcely waxed and waned when his bride thought fit to elope with an ensign in a marching regiment. I heartily sympathised with the unfortunate man, and resolved to seek his acquaintance, and do everything in my power to console him.

I took an early opportunity of inviting him to a dinner-party, which he accepted, and, hearing that he was fond of music, determined to give him a treat. Jackson and Brown (the only men who have remained attached to me through good and ill-report, giving the lie direct to the worldly maxim, "lend your money, lose your friends;" for I have had the pleasure of offering

both pecuniary assistance to a considerable amount) obligingly gave up a previous engagement to assist me.

"And, what music have you provided?" said Brown.

"An excellent military band," replied I.

Jackson and Brown both broke forth into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"My dear fellow," said Jackson kindly, "excuse our merriment; but—but, 'pon my soul, 'tis too bad!" And another tormenting fit of cachinnation convulsed them both.

"What is the matter?" demanded I, rather nettled.

"Matter!" repeated Jackson, "why the very appearance of anything *military*, I think, will be sufficient to drive your guest from the house. Do you forget the ensign and ——"

"My dear friend!" exclaimed I, "you have timely rescued me from making an egregious fool of myself. I see it all."

"Did you ever hear those Russian fellows," continued he; "the famous horn-band?"

"Never."

"Nor I," said Brown, "and I should like exceedingly."

"And so should I," said Jackson, "for the thing is quite novel and *recherché*."

Of course I placed myself entirely in the hands of my affectionate friends, and gave them a *carte blanche* respecting the engagement, &c.

It was a fine evening, and the band were brought in

coaches, and arranged on the lawn, which was entered from the front window of the dining-room. The dinner passed off exceedingly well, the wine flowed, and the conversation became lively and interesting. My new guest called upon Jackson for a toast. My friend filled a bumper, and rose upon his legs.

"I give——" said he.

At this juncture the band struck up.

"The horns!" interrupted Brown, jumping up from the table.

"I thought I observed a glow of surprise and pleasure irradiate the countenance of my guest. I immediately threw open the windows, and displayed the whole band playing one of their national airs.

"Have they music-books?" said my guest, apparently lost in admiration.

"Yes; or perhaps they may be more properly termed *horn-books*," said I, pointing my *bon-mot* with a knowing look, and a thrust in the ribs of my guest; for, I must confess, I was very much elated by the pleasantness of the party. What was my surprise to see him grow deadly pale!

"I hope I did not hurt you?" said I anxiously.

"No—oh, no!" replied he gravely.

"Take a glass of claret, or perhaps you will prefer a *horn* of cold ale?" said I. "Jackson, ring for the tankard and horns!"

"I have had too much already," said the old man, sharply looking at me and my two chums with an expression which might be caused by pain, but certainly looked very like anger and defiance; and, when the

footman appeared, he ordered his carriage; nor could I prevail upon him to remain a minute longer. What strange and unaccountable dispositions there are in this world! I puzzled my brain in vain to discover what could possibly have given him offence.

Adjoining my garden were the premises of a gentleman, who was apparently a man of substance; for, not only he, but all the members of his numerous family appeared abroad well, and even luxuriantly, dressed. He was of a florid complexion, and had dark, curly hair. I thought at first that he was proud; but he had not resided a month in the place when I heard the praises of "the charitable Mr. Lewis" sung by all the poor in the place. In defiance of the Mendicity Society he relieved every beggar at his gate. This might have proceeded from ostentation; but the error of this conclusion was satisfactorily solved, at least in my mind, by an observation I subsequently made. One day I watched him walking on his lawn, the mown grass of which was turned to hay, when suddenly a whole troop of his children, from six to fourteen, rushed laughing from the shrubbery, and, surrounding their father, began pelting and tossing the hay over him.

Joining in the sport, he was soon smothered in the hay, and, pretending to fall, he rolled about, now discovering a leg, and then throwing up his head, to the delight of the children; at last he seized one of the group, and then they all fell upon him, and there they lay tumbling and laughing together. I am very fond of children, and envied him the pleasure of the romp;

and this single trait in his character was sufficient to stamp him in my estimation as of an amiable and loving disposition. I was recalled from my reverie by the entrance of John.

"If you please, sir," said he, playing with the handle of the door, "the little pigs is all ready, and the housekeeper wishes to know what you intend to do with 'em!"

"How many are there?"

"Six on 'em, sir; and beautiful little creturs they are too, sir; as white as milk!"

"Select the finest among them," said I, "and bring it here immediately.

The infant porker was forthwith produced; and, being cradled in a basket, I tacked on one of my cards, addressing it to "— Lewis, Esq. *with Mr. Septimus Jeffs' comps,*" and sent it round to my sportive neighbour, while the fervour of my admiration was still warm. 'A present is the best thing in the world to conduce to a friendly relation between parties; nor does the magic consist so much in the value as in the spirit in which it is proffered. The bump of self-esteem was enlarged considerably upon the review of my tact and promptitude, and I awaited the result with an almost childish impatience.

Returning from a ride in the evening, I was followed into the parlour by the housekeeper, bearing a parcel.

"What have you there, Mrs. Dobson?" I demanded.

"A present, sir, I think," replied she, depositing it upon the table.

I looked at it. One look was sufficient. I beheld my own card, with all but the unfortunate name struck through with a pen. Piggy was actually returned ! I stamped, and I believe might have let slip an oath, for Mrs. Dobson actually screamed.

I could not rest till I had discovered the cause of this unpropitious "return." Reader, pity me ! I learned too soon, or rather too late, that my respectable neighbours were of the Jewish persuasion. My friendly advances were consequently construed into a premeditated insult !





THE OLD LEDGER.—No. III.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

BEING, from my long sedentary habits, not much more locomotive than an oyster, it was with some little difficulty that I resolved to take my physician's advice, and seek, in change of air and scene, a remedy for the blue-and-yellow melancholy which too close an attention to business had superinduced.

Those who are accustomed to rove from "pillar to post," and, with no other luggage than their cloak and a wide-mouthed, all-devouring carpet-bag, take a trip to France or Holland, cannot conceive the feelings of one, long pent up in a dingy office, whose personal knowledge even of the localities of the great city itself

wherein he toils is almost limited to the particular tract invariably traversed in his diurnal transit from his lodging to the counting-house. Like a bird bred in a cage, liberty to him proves rather a source of nervous apprehension than enjoyment.

This is more especially the case with a single gentleman who has passed his fiftieth year in the mechanical routine of an office, and who carries his confirmed love of order and regularity to that solitary sanctum, his suburban dormitory, where the "people of the house," from long experience, know his chronometrical habits, and where he finds everything as ready to his hand as the knocker of the street door.

On the evening of the momentous day I had named as that of my departure, I sat alone in my snug apartment, and contemplated my *lares*—my household gods—in silence. I was about to separate from my books, my pictures, and, as I thought in my melancholy mood, from all my earthly comforts. But the die was cast; although strongly inclined, I was ashamed to retract.

The words of the Earl of Orrery recurred tormentingly to my memory with more than their ordinary force. "Whenever we step out of domestic life," says that nobleman, "in search of felicity, we come back again disappointed, tired, and chagrined." To which consolatory maxim was added the dogma of old James, our book-keeper, who was as great a stay-at-home as a snail, for the last twenty years not having walked farther west than St. Paul's Churchyard, and whose usual peregrinations were limited to a stroll on Tower Hill,

or the wharf at the Custom House, where, he declared, the air was as fine and fresh as mortal could desire. "When a man is sick," quoth James, "there is no pillow so soft as his own; when he is well, he certainly requires no other."

Among other things which disquieted me, strange to say, was the vision of the sweeper of a certain crossing which I daily used, to whom, for years, I had regularly paid my penny. I thought he might calculate upon the weekly expense in part payment of his miserable lodging, (for it had become a sort of certain income,) and I accused myself of selfishness in not having remembered him, and paid the paltry stipend in advance!

The morning came, and, at the appointed hour, old Smith appeared at the door to escort me, and carry my luggage to the steam-vessel which was to transport me to — Gravesend!

The garrulity of the old man cheered my spirits. He said he was quite sure the jaunt would do me a world of good, and that, for his part, he thought it was wrong to "stew" myself up month after month, and stick so close to the desk as I had done, especially as I had latterly been so "peaking" and queer, and was morally certain that I should come back as fresh as a daisy, and be better than ever. This *did* encourage me, I must confess; and I followed him, as he elbowed through the motley crowd assembled at the wharf, and "made way for me," with something like alacrity, and seated myself as soon as possible on the

nearest bench on the fresh-washed deck. Having slipped a crown into his honest palm, with an injunction to drink my health, Smith departed. Presently, as I looked at the spectators who lined the edge of the wharf, I discerned his jolly countenance peering over their shoulders, and watching me intently.

“Foolish fellow!” thought I, in a peevish humour, “he will lose his breakfast; for he must be punctual at the office.”

But still, I must honestly confess, I felt an indescribable gratification in the consciousness that one, at least, among that mass looked upon me with affection. This feeling became more intense when the vessel was unmoored, and we fairly started; for then, and not till then, as if he feared to be recognised, I observed his head thrust forward to watch me as far as his eye could reach; and when at last I lost sight of his close-cropped, muscular head, it seemed as if the link betwixt me and the “greatest city in the world” was suddenly snapped in twain! The cupola of St. Paul’s, the Monument, and the Tower, soon vanished from my view. “*Sic transit gloria mundi!*” thought I, and then instantly smiled at the ridiculous importance I attached to smoky London and its associations.

The voyage, however, proved anything but disagreeable, for ’twas

“All on a summer’s day,”

and the smooth water, on which the sunbeams danced, was only disturbed from its placid repose by the revolution of the labouring wheels. The band played, the

passengers walked and talked, and the smart steward in his linen jacket, — the “*arbiter bibendi*,” — ran up and down, supplying the thirsty souls with ginger-beer, bottled ale and porter, and other choice liquids.

For my own part, I experienced a sort of indolent dreaminess, — a dull insensibility to the realities of the novel scene around, that was not entirely dissipated until we had nearly reached our destination. I had no sooner effected a landing, and escaped the holiday throng, than I toiled up the narrow High Street, and, crossing the London Road, discovered a glimpse of the country. I felt cheered and exhilarated; and, having fixed upon a lodging which overlooked a beautiful orchard and garden-ground, I ordered dinner, for I experienced an appetite to which I had long been a stranger. I discussed this important affair, and then, drawing my chair to the open window, — for it was a sultry day, — sipped my pint of wine at my ease, the smiling prospect almost imperceptibly dissipating my moodiness, and filling my mind with pleasant thoughts.

At the period of this my first visit, Gravesend was not a third of the extent of the present town. There were then no bazaars, Tivoli Gardens, or Observatories; no Royal Baths, or Zoological Gardens, giving one a notion that a huge slice of the great Babylon had emigrated to the shores of Kent! It is now, in my opinion, too towny; for the pleasant green lanes and walks have gradually retreated farther a-field before the rapid march of bricks and mortar, and the casual visitor is scarcely able to spare the time to take a peep at the country.

But to return. Having the organ of order largely developed, I was desirous of unpacking my portmanteau, and finding a place for everything, and putting everything in its place, when, lo ! I discovered that I had left the key behind ! — it was not a member of the numerous and united family which I invariably carried in my pocket. After poking at the lock for half an hour, trying all the keys in turn, and almost breaking my back, I found my “mother bunch” no witch, and was compelled to summon a smith, who, without ceremony, “cut the gordian knot” in a few seconds.



Having arranged all my paraphernalia to my satisfaction, I returned to my sitting-room, where I found a tea-equipage of gaudy colours displayed upon the table, garnished with shrimps and water-cresses.

My obliging landlady, who was very fine, and talked a little too much, asked me if I did not intend to visit the hill, and see the mountebank, whose kind intentions of amusing the inhabitants and visitors had been announced in due form by the bellman ; and she assured me that “all Gravesend” would be there.

As I had come on purpose to see "all Gravesend," I thought this an excellent opportunity, and, thanking her for her information, started in quest of pleasure, with my cherry-tree walking-stick in my grasp. I had no need of a guide, even had that giant landmark the windmill, been wanting; for a stream of people—sailors, and peasants, and gaily-dressed visitors, men, women, and children—were flocking to the spot, appearing, as they wound over the hill, like a huge boa coiling about the back of a monstrous elephant.

I surmounted the hill. I looked around me—the panorama was beautiful. The hum of the crowd—the song of the lark—for there were many soaring from the corn-fields below—filled the prosy Cockney with a poetical feeling of gladness!

Passing over the brow of the hill, I beheld a sort of natural amphitheatre, formed by the declivity, interspersed with bramble and heath; while on the grassy spaces were seated the greater part of the "genteeler" sort, with their children. At the foot was a meadow at the rear of a house of entertainment (the Old Prince of Orange), where a ring was formed by the humbler classes. As I wished to hear as well as see, never having witnessed an exhibition of the kind, I descended to take my place in this verdant parterre, with the determination of being "first in the throng."

What a merry set they were!—brimful of expectation. At length one of the countrymen shouted out, "Here be Tom-fool!"

All eyes were instantly turned towards the house, and, behold! a clown came capering forward leading a

donkey, laden with the implements of the craft, and a sorry nag, gaudily caparisoned in fringes of yellow and red worsted. Two men in smock-frocks followed; one trundling a cart-wheel, and the other leading a sheep in a string.

"Here we are!" cried the fool. "Open the door of the 'green'-room for the greatest ass in the three kingdoms!"

Whereat there arose a shout that would have been esteemed a flattering greeting by one of the first comic actors of the age. Then, drawing out a penny trumpet, he blew a charge. "Rear-guard, advance!" cried he, and his followers entered, and deposited their "properties" in the centre of the space. He was a short, thickset little fellow, broad-shouldered, and rather bow-legged; but he skipped about with all the briskness of a dancing-master.

Casting his eyes towards the hill-side, he bawled out to the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, all the seats are taken; but there is plenty of standing-room!"

Many took the hint, and descended. "There's another donkey coming," continued he; and presently there appeared a slim figure of a man, attired in white pantaloons and pumps, and a spangled jacket; a cotton velvet cap, stuck jauntily on his head, surrounded by a plume of ostrich feathers; and dangling a riding-whip in his hand.

"My honoured master," said he obsequiously, "I just proclaimed your coming to the eager multitude.

Allow me to introduce you to the *circle* of my acquaintance."

Which ceremony he performed in extravagant dumb-show. His "honoured master" immediately bowed his white plumes *à la cavalier* to the grinning audience, and then with an airy agility *chassé'd* towards the horse. Mr. Merriman, throwing himself upon his hands, revolved in the fashion of a wheel till he arrived at the centre, when, seizing a long whip in one hand, he led the animal to the edge of the circle.

Meanwhile one of the attendants in the smock-frocks threw a drum across his shoulders, thrust his pandean-pipes in his waistcoat, and struck up an air.

"Here's the dog's-meat, sir!" said the clown.

"The dog's-meat, sirrah! It's a thorough-bred hunter."

"So am I," replied he. "I'm always hunting for my bread!"

"Come, Mr. Merriman! don't keep the ladies and gentlemen waiting; but give an eye to the horse, lend me a hand, and give me a leg!"

"How liberal!" exclaimed the clown. "And pray what am I to do with the rest of myself?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Merriman?"

"Why, when I've given an eye to the horse, and lent you a hand, and given you a leg, there's the best half of me gone, and your humble-cum-stumble servant may go all on one side like a crab the rest of his days."

"Come, sirrah ! I want no words."

"Oh ! I'm not quarrelsome," replied the other consequentially.

"Then skip along !" said his master, striking him with his riding-whip.

"How can I skip along with a *wale* on my back ?" demanded the clown, rubbing his brawny shoulders, and writhing about ; and then, taking his master by the ankle, he assisted him to mount.

Away started the horse on his accustomed round, gradually inclining his body inwards, increasing his speed as the clown followed him, cracking his long whip.

Suddenly the glittering equestrian stood upon the saddle, bending his knees to the cantering motion of the animal, and striking him on the shoulders with his whip, while he held the long reins in his left hand.

" Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury-cross !"

ang out the clown.

Anon the rider held out one leg behind him, and then the other.

"There he goes, round and round, like a teetotum—all upon one leg !" exclaimed the clown. And now, to the admiration of his audience, he threw down the reins, and holding the riding-whip in the fashion of a skipping-rope, sprang over, both backwards and forwards, while in full career.

Laying aside his whip, Mr. Merriman extracted

from their baggage two oranges stuck on two forks, and handed them to his master, singing,

“ Oranges and lemons,
Says the bells at St. Clement's ! ”

The mountebank then disencumbered himself of his cap and plume, and tossed them to his motley servitor, together with his whip.

“ There 's ingratitude ! ” exclaimed Mr. Merriman. “ I take care of his cast-off finery, and he gives me a *whip-in* ! ”

Tossing the oranges alternately in the air, and catching them in quick succession on the prongs of the forks, the master galloped on his never-ending road, amid the plaudits of the spectators.

“ There 's a dabster in dough for ye ! ” cried the clown. “ He has had a good education, and no mistake, and — those are the *fruits* of it.”

Having performed these evolutions, the mountebank gradually reined in his steed, and slipped astride the padded saddle, his legs dangling loosely and wearily against the panting sides of the tired animal.

“ Now, Mr. Merriman, help me to alight,” said he.

“ In the twinkling of a bed-post,” replied his humorous attendant, and, drawing out a box of lucifer-matches from his capacious pockets, lighted one in an instant, and presented it.

“ What 's that, booby ? ”

“ Booby ? Didn't you go for to ask me to help you to a light ? ”

“ Assist me to get down, you fool, I meant.”

"There now! what a thousand little pitties it is—so it is—you were not born a goose, for they always get *down* without assistance! But I can see which way the cat jumps; it's as plain as the nose on my face that, clever as you are, you're offended 'cause I've found a *match* for you."

"Mr. Merriman, you're a sad fellow, but I'll help myself," so saying, the mountebank stood upon the saddle, and leaping up, turned a summerset, and came cleverly upon his feet.

"There's for ye! ain't that droll now? he gets up to get down! What a natural turn he has to the business!" exclaimed the clown; then turning to the grinning crowd—"Now, can any of ye guess this riddle-ma-riddle-ma-ree? Why is my master a liberal fellow? Why, 'cause he 'comes down' handsomely. Come, now, ain't that smart?" addressing his superior, who was adjusting his velvet cap, "and yet you call me a fool."

"Ay, a great fool."

"Certainly, or I should not own such a master."

"How mean you, sirrah?"

"I'll explain—allegorically, metaphorically, categorically, and paregorically," replied the clown; and, gradually elevating the cart-wheel, he clasped the nave, and supported it with one hand. "There, that's it to a tittle! Don't you see the *nave* has got the upper hand of the fool? The nave's you, and I'm me—the fool—by reason of being under you."

At this practical illustration there arose a general laugh.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen,” said the mountebank in a loud voice, “we are about to offer you by lottery a large and valuable collection of tea-trays, gown and waistcoat pieces, knives and forks, candlesticks and candleboxes, and numerous other articles, both useful and ornamental. There are so many prizes that none of you can possibly lose—more than one shilling, which is the small price at which we offer the tickets.”

While he was thus addressing and inviting them to try their fortune, the clown was busily occupied in unpacking the bales, and spreading the bright and gaudy gown-pieces on the grass, and scattering hither and thither the painted tea-trays and glittering tin-candlesticks and candleboxes all over the interior of the circle in the most alluring confusion.

Having quickly executed this temptation part of the business, he ran round, distributing the tickets to the spectators, and I was pleased to observe that the sale went on rapidly; indeed he had such a facetious and irresistible way of puffing his tickets that he extracted many a reluctant shilling, and relaxed the grasp of many a prudent hand.

A young country-woman in a red cloak, with an infant in her arms, who was standing before me, tried all her eloquence upon her husband to induce him to venture. “She should so like to have those knives: they were just what they wanted so much!”

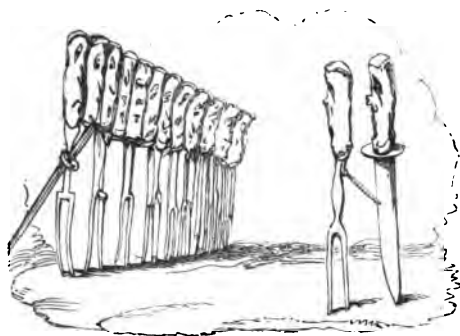
With much ado she at last prevailed, and holding out the shilling, called out eagerly for a ticket, apparently fearing her husband might repent, and perhaps recall the coin.

I could not help sympathising in her sanguine expectations of a favourable result. I too gave my shilling, which I considered due to the performers for the amusement they had afforded me.

“ There’s a prime dozen of knives and forks ! ” said the clown, exhibiting them. “ Twenty-four pieces ! why it’s only a halfpenny a-piece : who would use their fingers when they can get tools so dog-cheap ? They are all town-made, too — warranted ; there’s blades for you ; with an edge as keen as a February frost, and of as good a temper as the cobbler’s wife, who kissed her husband for ‘ welting’ her ! ”

Having at last most profitably exerted his eloquence in the sale of the chances in this minor lottery, he proceeded to make a circuit with the lucky-bag, containing the blanks and prizes, in his hand.

The lots were speedily drawn by the eager expectants, who had ventured their shillings, and—only to see the tricks of that jade, Fortune !— the young mother handed the mystic paper to her husband, who, unfolding it, declared to her disappointment that it was a blank while mine turned up a capital prize, for I had won, without a wish, the much-coveted knives and forks. I felt half-ashamed of proclaiming my good luck. It occurred to me, however, that I might easily overcome this nervous difficulty, and, handing the paper to the young woman, I said : “ Will you do me the favour to take home these knives and forks for me ? ”



"Surely, sir," replied she, curtseying and blushing ;
"where be you living, sir?"

"You mistake me," I replied. "I wish you to accept them as a gift."

"Lauk, sir! — I'm sure — I thank you, sir," said she.

"Thank'ee kindly, sir," interposed the husband ;
"our Nell longed for they, and——"

"Say no more," interrupted I, "you're heartily welcome;" for I felt almost as much by the observation the expression of their gratitude drew upon me, as I should have done in holding out my hand and claiming the prize before the gaze of the crowd; so I slunk away, and mingled with the group in another quarter, as stealthily as if I had picked a pocket, and feared detection; although I was really gratified in being able to give the young housekeeper so much pleasure at so slight a cost.

All the prizes having been distributed, one of the men from the public-house handed a pint of foaming porter to the clown, who presented it to his master.

"Is that the way you offer the beverage to me, sirrah?" said he, with dignity.

"Beverage?" exclaimed the clown. "Why it's genuine malt and hops."

"Bring me a glass!" said the mountebank, gracefully waving his hand.

Upon which the clown presented him with a pocket looking-glass.

"You want to see the way to your mouth, I suppose," said he.

"Put it into a tumbler, Mr. Merriman," cried the other impatiently.

Whereupon the fool stared, and then, nodding, applied his lips to the measure, and drained it.

"Hollo! sirrah, what do you mean by that?"

"Didn't you tell me to put it into a tumbler?" said the quibbler, "and ain't I a tumbler? Look at that!" And he immediately turned a summerset in the air, leaping up, and coming down upon his feet again without touching the ground with his hands.

A shout of merriment welcomed the conceit and the agility of the clown; and another pint, with a glass, being brought for the refreshment of the spangled rider, he re-mounted his steed, and re-commenced his equestrian evolutions, skipping with a hoop, and anon rapidly passing it over his head, legs, and arms, while a full gallop.

After sundry other gymnastic feasts were exhibited,

not only by the master, but the man, to the evident delight of all assembled, "both great and small," the mountebank, standing upon the saddle, proclaimed aloud, that, "Encouraged by the liberality of his indulgent audience, he was induced to offer a sheep to be raffled for—if he could only make up a sufficient number for so large a prize."

"Only hear that!" said the clown. "There never was such a man as my master. I verily believe he would give the little coat off his back—if anybody would wear it; and thereby hangs a tale (I don't mean to his coat, but touching his liberality). When a mere boy—a hobbledehoy—he once gave a school-fellow two whole radishes for one—cucumber! But here's mutton here, my masters and mistresses, and no mistake! Never was such a favourable opportunity offered to a discerning public for the profitable investment of a small capital. For the trifling risk of one shilling the agriculturist may (possibly) purchase as much fine *wether* as will last him a whole fortnight! A lawyer may gain a profitable client, whom he may 'fleece' without fear of taxation, and have parchment enough left for a marriage settlement! Gentlemen of the bar!—if there be any here,—I pray ye put in for the baa-lamb! Nay, even those sapient noddies who go forth wool-gathering, may for once have a chance of success, and *not* go home shorn! And O! ye sportsmen!—ye hedge and ditch leapers, and clearers of five-barred gates!—ye riders of matches, and matchless riders! here's a particular nice chance for *you*!—nothing less than four famous *trotters*, war-

ranted fast. So come along, my merry customers ! and down with the dibs !”

And away ran Mr. Merriman round the ring, to gather in the contributions. The tickets were soon disposed of, and, in less than ten minutes, an “agriculturist,” as I guessed from his garb, *did* carry off the sheep, and so became “master of the *wether*,” as the fool quaintly observed.

The sports were now concluded with an intimation from the mountebank that a ball at three-pence per head, music and lights included, would be given in the “great room” of the Old Prince of Orange. “Purposely,” as the clown added, “for the delight and entertainment of the Kentish men, his worthy master knowing the affection they entertained for ‘hops !’”

THE OLD LEDGER.—No. IV.**THE GIRL AT No. 7.**

For twenty years I have lodged with my present landlady, Mrs. Williams, and it is very likely that I shall spend the rest of my days beneath her roof, for

she is a very honest and respectable widow, and, what is more to the purpose, she understands me.

Everything goes on smoothly in consequence, and I have no care. I am really at home. Now, without assuming too much, I feel confident that this arises, in a great measure, from my own philosophy, for, although an old bachelor, I am not easily "put out" about trifles. Nay, even should a clumsy, slippery-fingered maid-of-all-work let my best tumbler slide from the waiter to the floor, I am unmoved; I feel for the confusion of the wench, and not only think that *she* is the real sufferer, but exert my eloquence to cool the rising wrath of my excellent landlady, who "cannot abide waste," and is "ready to rate the girl for her stupidity,"

"My dear madam," said I, on an occurrence of this kind, "if I could not afford these luxuries of life I would not purchase them. If the destruction of these fragile things cost me a moment's uneasiness, believe me I would at once dispense with them, and remove the cause."

"Ah! Mr. Thorley, that is so like you!" said Mrs. Williams, smiling, but evidently not convinced. "You are so easy. But servants are really a plague, and for my part I heartily wish one could do without them."

"As I am convinced that we cannot do so, my dear madam, without likewise losing many of our comforts," I replied, "I am quite satisfied to endure the evil for the sake of the good. And——"

My argument was here suddenly cut short by the entrance of the maid.

"Well, Mary?" said Mrs. Williams, in a short tetchy tone of rebuke.

"Oh, mum!" cried she, "if you please, the girl at No. 7, is bin doin' o' something, and there 's sich a to-do!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, "such a nice, genteel-looking girl, too! Well, to be sure, there 's no knowing anybody!" and here, her curiosity getting the better of her sympathy, she added "Have you heard what 's the matter, Mary?"

"No, mum," replied Mary; "but I jist axed the butter-boy as he was passing (Simkins's boy, mum), and he said as how he b'lieved as she 'd p'isoned her missus."

"Poor Miss Singleton!" sighed my worthy landlady. "P'isoned her! so much as she made of that girl! It 's really shocking."

"I al'ays said as she was a stuck-up thing, mum," said Mary, tossing her head disdainfully; "and thof she did look so mimmy, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, I never thought she was no good."

Now I confess I felt a particular interest in the girl at No. 7, having closely observed her for the last five years. When she first entered the service of our neighbour, she was a slight, delicate girl of fourteen, just emancipated from the poor-house. I watched her progress, and had the pleasure of seeing her in the course of time exalted to the situation of companion of

her mistress ; and she was truly the genteelest, neatest little body in the whole parish.

Miss Singleton, her mistress, was a maiden lady, who lived in a handsomely-furnished house, and apparently in the enjoyment of a good income ; for everything in the establishment was conducted in a liberal manner. Although between forty and fifty years of age, there were still the remains of a personal beauty which in her youth must have been very attractive. There was a peculiar grace, too, in her manner and deportment that bespoke the gentlewoman.

Seeing a mob about her door, however, and believing her to be a lone woman, I thought I might be allowed to offer my humble services without presumption, especially when our breathless and excited handmaid (despatched by Mrs. Williams) returned with the encouraging " further particulars " that " Miss Singleton was not p'isoned, but on'y robbed ! " So, having quickly put myself in trim, I sallied forth. I was immediately admitted, and found Miss Singleton alone, and overwhelmed with grief. I made my compliments and apologies, but she thanked me with a sincerity that at once composed the nervous flutterings of my *mauvaise honte*.

I learned from her that the whole stock of her plate, worth about seventy or eighty pounds, was missing. Susan, the girl, had been already given in charge to a constable, and her box, after being searched, also taken away in the custody of the official, although there was nothing discovered that in any way tended to implicate her.

I evinced some surprise at the promptness of all these proceedings ; when Miss Singleton informed me that she was so dismayed at the first discovery of the theft, and the hesitation of the girl, that she had given the alarm to her neighbour, Mr. Riggors, a churchwarden of the parish, who had taken upon himself to manage the whole proceedings, and, almost before she had recovered from the first effects of her terror, the girl was gone. In the excitement of the moment I proffered my services to attend her to the police-office on the following morning, which she said she most gratefully accepted.

I must candidly confess, however, that, to one of my retiring disposition, there was scarcely anything in the world more distasteful than an appearance in a justice-room. I barely slept a wink all night for thinking of it ; but the die was cast ; it was the natural and unavoidable sequence of my polite attention, and I wound myself up to see the adventure in which I had embarked brought to a conclusion.

Taking time by the forelock, I was early abroad ; and, having put everything in train at the office, to the utter surprise of the whole establishment informed them that I was going out, and should probably be detained till a late hour of the afternoon.

Returning immediately, I conveyed my distressed neighbour to the justice-room, and forgot my own feelings in endeavouring to calm and repress hers. The room was nearly empty when we arrived, but the bustle soon began. The clerks at the table commenced spreading out their papers, and scribbling

away in important silence; the consequential officers talked a great deal, and spoke sharply, and with great authority, in answer to the whispered questions of the paupers and rabble, who formed the staple commodity of the "charges."

Presently there was a startling cry of "silence!"—"make room!"—"stand back!" and a consequent shuffling of feet, and a compression of the human mass, when the magistrate appeared, and took his seat. There was certainly nothing in his bland, handsome countenance to inspire terror in the hearts of the trembling delinquents who were ushered before him. His eyes were full of pleasantry and good humour; nor did his speech (more especially in private) fall short of their agreeable promise, for Sir Andrew Moreton was very intimate with our firm, and I had the honour of being frequently present when he visited them. He instantly recognised me, and politely answered my salute.

After several cases of little interest had been disposed of, (and to which I was an inattentive auditor, devoting myself entirely to Miss Singleton,) the unfortunate Susan was placed at the bar.

In an instant, not only the eyes of the worthy magistrate, but those of all the court were directed in sympathy towards her. Pale as marble, and apparently as cold, her feelings seemed too overwhelming to admit of any expression, and she stood like one in a trance, insensible to all around.

Miss Singleton, at the officer's bidding, drew her trembling hand from her glove, and was sworn. The

suavity and gentleness of the magistrate, however, presently gave her courage to proceed.

She expressed her unfeigned sorrow at being compelled by circumstances to appear as the accuser of the prisoner, who had always conducted herself towards her with the strictest propriety; and that, until the present occasion, she had not the slightest cause of complaint, ever reposing the most unbounded confidence in her honesty.

She then circumstantially detailed the discovery of her loss, the consequent confusion of the girl, and her inability or disinclination to give the least clue or explanation by which the property might be traced.

"Has her box been searched?" demanded the magistrate.

"It has, your worship," replied the constable, "but there ain't no duplicates, nor nothing; but I dessay as she has had cunning enough to destroy them 'ere."

"That's enough, sir," interrupted Sir Andrew. "We do not require your comments or opinion on the case. Prisoner, what have you to say in answer to this serious charge?"

"I am innocent," murmured Susan, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"That is the only answer I have been able to obtain from her," said Miss Singleton, "and willingly would I sacrifice the property could she prove the truth of it."

"Pray Miss Singleton," asked the magistrate, "has the girl any followers, as they are termed?"

"None, sir," replied Miss Singleton, "except her

father, and he is never permitted to see her but in my presence."

"What is her father?"

"I believe him to be an honest man; he has lately returned from abroad," said Miss Singleton, "and I think he is a seafaring man."

"You say you believe and you think; excuse me, madam, for repeating your words, but from whom have you learned all these particulars?"

"From his own lips," replied Miss Singleton.

"Have you known him long?"

"Only three weeks."

"Indeed," said the magistrate, and he pondered for awhile. "From whom, pray, did you receive her character?"

"I took her from the workhouse, sir; whence I selected her for her superior intelligence," replied Miss Singleton. "The fact is, sir, I was informed that she was an illegitimate child," and she blushed as she uttered the words, "and I did not think till the appearance of this man, who came to claim her as his daughter, (and indeed he offered me such proofs that I could not doubt his relationship,) that there was a soul in the world, besides myself, who took any interest in her."

"Do you know his address? for I think it will be no more than our duty to inform him of the situation in which his daughter is unfortunately placed."

Miss Singleton gave the father's address, which the magistrate handed to an officer, and bade him seek him immediately.

"It will also be necessary to advertise a description

of the lost property, and offer a reward," continued he. "At present there is not sufficient evidence to justify a committal, I will therefore remand the prisoner until Friday next, and in the meantime I will instruct the officers to use their best endeavours to trace the property."

Miss Singleton, with tears in her eyes, begged that Susan might be placed apart from the prisoners, at least until there appeared stronger proofs than at present of her culpability.

"Your feelings do honour to your heart, madam," said Sir Andrew courteously, "and depend on it your wishes shall be attended to."

Here, the case having concluded, Susan was removed from the bar, and I departed with my charge, weary, and dissatisfied with the result.

Two days—two interminable days of suspense at length elapsed, and I again attended at the office with my kind and benevolent neighbour.

The newspapers had, as usual, reported the case, and lauded the interesting female in such set terms as excited the minds of their readers, and we consequently found the court crowded by the curious. It was with some difficulty that I succeeded in obtaining a seat for Miss Singleton.

On the bench sat the worthy magistrate, and on his right hand a tall, handsome military man in undress, with hair as white as silver, and such a complexion as an eastern sun alone can bestow.

The prisoner being brought to the bar, the clerk read over the evidence, and she was again asked if she

had anything to say, but she only replied, as before, that she was innocent, and knew nothing of the stolen property.

Her little box was produced, and the constable, being questioned as to the contents, said,

"Here's on'y this 'ere pocket-book, which seems, to my thinking, to belong to the missus."

The book was handed to the magistrate. In a moment the dark eyes of the gentleman on the bench were fixed upon it. They examined it, and whispered, earnestly together.

"That book is Susan's," said Miss Singleton eagerly, apparently alarmed lest they should have discovered something from its inspection that might tend to criminate the girl, for she now heartily wished that she might be acquitted, so reluctant was she to punish one whom she had every reason to believe had deeply wronged her.

"Answer me, prisoner,—where did you get this book?" demanded Sir Andrew.

"It was my mother's, sir," replied Susan.

"And this was your mother's name as well as yours, —Susan Wilman?"

"Yes, sir," answered the prisoner.

There was another pause of several minutes, during which the gentleman on the bench conversed with the magistrate, and it appeared from the direction of his eyes that he was interesting himself in her behalf, and suggesting some queries, when their conversation was abruptly interrupted by a squabbling noise in the court.

"Officer, keep silence!" said the magistrate, sternly.

I turned to the quarter whence the noise proceeded and saw a little bald-headed choleric officer poking his staff authoritatively into the ribs of a most curious individual, who seemed by no means inclined to be repulsed.

He was a stout, ragged-headed fellow, about sixteen or eighteen, pitted deeply with the small-pox, with a pair of large grey rolling eyes that projected most disagreeably, and a mouth literally extending from ear to ear. His right hand was applied to one of them in the form of a trumpet, and he still talked, and in rather a loud key.

"What is that noise?" demanded the magistrate, really angry at the interruption.

"Please your worship," said the officer, "this man will come in, and I can't make out what he wants."

"Oh! indeed," replied the magistrate. "Well, let him pass, and we'll endeavour to ascertain his business, which seems of so much importance, that we are compelled to set aside our own."

The young man walked awkwardly, but quietly, forward, holding a ragged leathern cap in his hand.

"Well, what's your business?" demanded Sir Andrew.

The youth seeing him speak, placed his hand to his ear, and the question being repeated, calmly replied,

"Oh!—please your worship, I come to speak about this 'ere young 'ooman as is had up afore you."

"Indeed!" said he, resuming his equanimity, and turning to the officer. "Put him into the box and swear him."

Having gone through this, apparently to him, unusual and inexplicable ceremony, he was about to speak, when he was stopped short, and his name demanded.

"Bill Wattles, your worship."

"William Wattles, I suppose you mean?"

"It's all as one," replied Wattles; "thof I never knowed nobody to call me Villiam as long as I can remember; it's al'ays Bill, or Billy at the most."

"What are you?"

"I'm pot-boy at the George, vere I've bin a matter o' five year, come next Michaelmas."

"Well, but state what you know about the prisoner at the bar."

"Nothin' but vot's good, your worship; and I'm sartain sure as she's as innocent as the babe unborn."

Sir Andrew smiled, and shrugged up his shoulders. "What with his deafness and the style of his rhetoric, I am afraid we shall only lengthen the proceedings by our interrogations. We must patiently allow him, I suppose, to bestow all his tediousness upon us, and let him tell his story in his own way. By the earnestness of his manner, I think he has something to communicate, which, in the absence of all other evidence, may throw some light upon the mystery in which the case is at present involved."

Having obtained permission, the pot-boy proceeded to amuse the whole court with the following oratorical display:—

"T'other evenin', your vorship, I vos in the tap a-

doin' o' nothin', and Jim Slabbers, vot's a reg'lar customer at the George, vos a-readin' the purlice, and lo ! and behold you ! he lights upun the robbery done by this 'ere young 'ooman. 'My eyes !' says I, 'if it ain't that 'ere werry pooty gal as lives at No. 7.' I felt werry uncomferrable, and I says, says I, 'Jim, I'll bet a kevorten and three outs,' says I, 'it's all a flam !' Vith that they all bustes out a-larfing, and begins a-poking their fun at me like mad. Vell, I thought and I thought about it the whole o' that blessed night. Nex' mornin' I says to the missis, 'Please, marm,' says I, 'the gal as is had up 'bout the robbery is going to go afore the justice on Friday, and I'm thinkin' as how I've a bit o' hevidence to hoffer as vill give her a lift in this werry onpleasant



situation.'—'Do you know vot you're about, you fool?' says she. 'Vy, they'll be bindin' you hover to keep the peace,' says she, 'and you'll be had up at the Bailey. I can't allow of no sich doin's.'—'I hope no offence, missus,' says I; 'but it's my dooty, and go I must!' So she turns purtiklar red in the face, (for she warn't put out a leetle, that's all!) and I werrily believe as how I should ha' got the sack, on'y I know'd, and she know'd too, she couldn't get sich another boy as me every day in the veek, thof I say it as shouldn't say it! Vell, your vorship, as I vos a-saying, on Toosday night last I vos a-going round with the 'eight o'clock,' ven, jist as I turns the corner, vot should I see but a great hulking chap a-sneaking away from Miss Singleton's doorway with a blue bag in his fist, and at the werry door itself, vich vos hopen, I spies another phiz,—not this 'ere young ooman's, nor Miss Singleton's neither, but a ill-looking cove with black viskers. Now I had never in my born days seed a man there afore, but still I didn't think so much on it at the time; but ven I hears o' the robbery, and as this 'ere young ooman 'vos in prison for it, I jist set my fool's head to vork, and, putting this and that together, I says to myself, 'As for that nice young ooman being guilty,' says I, 'it's werry like a whale!' And vot's more, I'm convinced on it too!"

"You're an honest fellow, and deserve commendation for your good feeling," said Sir Andrew. "Stand down, but do not quit the court."

The officer plucked the pot-boy by the sleeve, and removed him from the box.

Miss Singleton was much excited, and I felt an indefinable sort of hope that the girl's innocence might be proved, when the officer who had been commissioned to trace the stolen property hastily entered the court, bringing with him a pawnbroker, who produced a large silver milk-ewer (at once identified as part of the missing plate), and which he declared had been pledged at his shop by a young woman; and when the unfortunate girl at the bar was pointed out to him, and he was interrogated upon her identity, he said he could not positively swear, but he was almost certain that she was the person! Susan immediately fainted, and was borne out of the court.

The magistrate was evidently much disappointed, and conversed with the gentleman beside him, who appeared by his excited manner to have been deeply interested in the case. Their conference, however, was abruptly interrupted by the pot-boy.

"Stop that 'ere fellow with the vite top-coat and the yellow vipe round his neck!" exclaimed he, pointing eagerly to a man in the crowd, who was just on the point of leaving the court.

"This is a strange proceeding," said the man, advancing with the officer who had arrested him. "What warrant—"

"I say, old fellow, draw it a little milder, vill you?" said the pot-boy, in a cool and rather sneering tone. "Please your vorship, tell him to draw his mug out o' that 'ere handkercher."

The man untied the handkerchief, and Miss Single-

ton almost involuntarily exclaimed, "It is Susan's father!" while the pot-boy exultingly cried,

"The werry wagabone, your vorship, as I seed at the door. I'll take my davy on it, I vill!"

Susan, having recovered, was again placed at the bar; and I augured no good result from the furtive but expressive looks which passed between them.

"Appearances, your worship," said the father, with calm assurance, "are certainly against me. A father's anxiety for the fate even of an unworthy daughter, I hope, will plead a sufficient excuse for my presence here. A feeling of shame for her guilt caused me to have recourse to concealment."

"But why were you about to quit the court so hastily?" asked Sir Andrew.

"I had heard sufficient to satisfy me that my unfortunate child was guilty. The recognition by the pawnbroker convinced me that she was lost to me for ever."

"But what have you to say to the allegation of the witness?"

"That I can bring twenty credible witnesses, if necessary, to prove that I was not within twelve miles of Miss Singleton's on the night in question. He is labouring under a mistake; but still I thank him heartily for the interest he has taken in behalf of this poor deluded girl."

"Don't palaver me," cried the pot-boy, frowning, "for that cock von't fight! He's the werry man, your vorship, and no mistake,—and pray don't let him go."

The magistrate again turned towards the gentleman, who appeared prompting some query.

“What is your name?” demanded Sir Andrew.

“James Davis, your worship,” replied the man.

“But this poor girl’s name is Susan Wilman.”

“She bears her mother’s name,” answered the man.

“The fact is, your worship, she is a natural child.”

An old officer now crossed over, and stepped close up to the father, and after a minute scrutiny exclaimed, “Hollo! Slippery Thorn, is that you?” Mr. James Davis made no answer to this impertinent interrogation, but, at once losing all his former coolness and possession, turned deadly pale. “Please your worship,” continued the officer, “this is a return convict. Four years ago he was sent to Botany Bay for fourteen. I went down to Portsmouth with him myself, and know him well.”

“Floored by ——!” exclaimed the man, and immediately appeared to resign himself to his fate.

“And is he not my father?” demanded Susan.

“No!” loudly exclaimed the gentleman on the bench, rising, “he is not your father. You have been imposed upon, and—”

“Thank Heaven!” fervently exclaimed Susan, while the blood mantled in her colourless cheeks, and she appeared for a few brief moments supported by a wild delirium of excitement. “I have no longer any cause for silence. He did visit me on the day of the robbery, in the absence of Miss Singleton, contrary to her strict injunctions, and against my inclination too,—for I was accustomed to obey her. He sent me out

of the way to purchase something for him in the neighbourhood, and I have no doubt robbed the house in my absence."

"Say no more," said Slippery Thorn. "I suppose they can do no more than send me across the herring-pond again. I confess the robbery. I have one consolation, however; there's as great rogues among my betters, and I'll be — if they go scot-free. This girl, your worship, is the natural daughter of a wealthy man. His nephew, who is a gambler and a scamp, employed me to entrap her, and carry her out of the country, knowing that it was the only chance he had of inheriting his uncle's property, as the old gentleman was using every means to discover his child; but I was tempted, and I've spoiled my market. Five hundred pounds lost at one throw, and nabbed into the bargain."

"Could Arthur Selwyn do this?" cried Sir Andrew's friend.

"Sir!" said the convict, staring at him with unfeigned wonderment. "Why, yes; that's the man, sure enough."

"The prisoner is acquitted," said Sir Andrew, with evident emotion. "Clear the court."

"Hooray!" exclaimed the pot-boy, throwing down his cap, and, rushing towards Susan, seized her hands in his ecstasy, and kissed them.

NOTE.—We do not know whether it was the intention of our worthy friend, Josiah Thorley, to terminate his narrative at this interesting point; but, true



it is, the Old Ledger contains no more than this fragment.

Our curiosity, we must confess, would have been gratified by learning the name of Susan's father, although we *can* certainly make a shrewd guess.

THE EDITOR.

THE OLD LEDGER.—No. V.



THE BARBER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IN the calm routine in which my life has passed, every succeeding morrow being the very counterpart of the preceding day, so few incidents and objects have occurred to mark the progress of time, that I still entertain but a very indistinct impression that I am an old man.

Transplanted from school to the counting-house, I have there taken root and (thank Heaven !) flourished ; laid up, as it were, from the launch in smooth water, and never buffeted about by the " pelting and pitiless storm " which thousands encounter in the troubled ocean of the world, and where, alas ! some are early wrecked, and many shattered and disabled.

I am, indeed, like a new guinea " laid up in lavender " by some careful spinster, the date of its mintage indubitably proving the age, which its perfect impression and pristine brightness almost belie.

To the same non-circulation in the world do I attribute my vague feelings of youthfulness ; for I have passed through life without experiencing any of its " rubs ;" and, whatever years I may have numbered according to my baptismal register, I am only conscious of being an old boy.

My faith in these consolatory reflections was, however, rather rudely shaken by the receipt of a letter from my old acquaintance, B——, (ten years my junior, Heaven save the mark !) wherein he writes, " That old thief, *Chronos*, treats me as an Eastern despot doth his slave, mercilessly pulling out my hairs by the roots, knocking out a tooth now and then for his amusement, and *dimming* my eyes ! I am growing very aged," &c. Now, there was something impertinent, nay, personal in this effusion, and I was at once half resolved to refuse his invitation to a " rump and dozen " at the Mitre, the result of a *bet*, or, as he termed it, " the offspring of an abbreviated *Elizabeth* ;" and when I reflected for a moment upon

the character of the cliques of tavern revellers with whom he consorted,—a jolly set, who, like himself, had shortened their days by lengthening their nights,—I finally made up my mind to send an excuse, and escape a headache.

Poor B——! he was one of the wittiest, best-natured fellows I ever knew: but, as he confessed in his last illness, “he had had many a bout with Bacchus; and, although he had always manfully tapped his claret, and stood up to him until his legs became groggy, the wine-god had succeeded in flooring him at last!” And he died.

But, notwithstanding the pleasing melancholy I experience in recording these early reminiscences, I fear the digressional garrulity in which they have imperceptibly tempted me to indulge will betray that very senility which I have been so sedulous to conceal both from myself and the reader,—should these pages, hereafter, by any chance be honoured by a perusal. I must likewise candidly confess, spite of my juvenile feelings, that Time hath not only “thinned my flowing hair,” but mowed the summit of my head so close, that it presents the appearance of a monkish tonsure, or rather it resembles an ostrich egg adorned with a fringe of hair, slightly, very slightly tinged with an admixture of grey, which I attribute to the effects of a fever where-with I was attacked some ten or twelve years ago! Small, however, as this capillary hedge is, it now and then requires pruning, and I had consequently commissioned Old Smith to summon the attendance of the operator. When he returned, I observed, although

deeply engaged in my books, that he had some crotchet in his head which he longed to broach; for he was more than usually particular in his attention to the office-fire, battering the round coals and stirring them up so frequently, and repeating his visits so often and unnecessarily, that it was but too evident he was watching for an interval in my labours to thrust in a word.

"Well, Smith," said I, laying down my pen, and taking off my glasses, "have you seen the hair-dresser?"

"Yes, sir, I seed him," replied Smith emphatically, "and he says he'll be partic'lar to his time. I never vos in his shop afore. Vot a place it is! all brass and glass, and gilt and finery. Vy, them 'ere vinders must ha' cost a sight o' money. And vot do you think, sir?—if he aip't got a rale live bear a-maundering up and down in a wire cage! It's a werry little thing, howsomever, compared with the vun as I remember a-going about the streets with a monkey a-top of its back. As for hisself, I'm sure he's more like a hungry hover-grown gal than a man, with his vite wristbands turned over his cuffs, and his hair all greased, and curled, and befrizzled, and his body screwed in as if he had tied his apron-string too tight and choked hisself."

"Fashion changes everything," said I. "The hair-dressers of the present day are indeed a very different race from the barbers I remember in my youth. They were fluttering and swarming about the whole city of a morning, Sundays and working-days too, like so many

butterflies, and their powder-besprinkled clothes made them appear almost as downy. Smith ! why, you remember old Sam ? ”

“ To be sure, sir,” replied he, “ and a decent, respectable body he vos.”

“ Very,” said I ; “ and he had fortunately acquired such an insight into the dispositions of his customers, that he knew when to talk and when to be silent. Poor Sam ! I respected him very much.”

“ I know’d as how you did, or I should not have taken the liberty of telling him to call,” said Smith.

“ Who ?—what, Sam ? Is he alive ? ” I exclaimed, in surprise.

“ Alive, and that ’s all,” replied Smith ; “ for he has had a paralatic, and has got a asthma.”

“ Why, when did you see him ? ”

“ Let me see,” said Smith, closing one eye, and inclining his head towards his left shoulder,—“ let me see ; it vos last Ve’n’sday vos a week. It vos a’ter I shut up. I vos a-going into Honey-lane market, ven I seed a man a-holding on by vun o’ the postes at the corner, and breathin’ partic’lar hard. ‘ Young man,’ says he, in as civil a voice as a Christian could speak,—‘ young man,’ says he, ‘ vill you jist pick up my stick ? ’ In course I did it in a jiffy. ‘ Thank ye,’ says he ; and then, looking in his face for the fust time, I says, says I, ‘ Vy, goodness gracious me ! you’re Mr. Thorley’s barber as vos.’ And sure as a gun it vos him. And then he axed a’ter you, sir ; and begged me to present his dootiful respects, and told me as how he vos on the parish, and they allowed him

four shillin' a week ; and a great deal more, poor fellow ! ”

“ Well ? ”

“ And I told him to call, as I vos quite sure as you'd not forgotten him. ‘ It 's no disrespect,’ says he ; ‘ but I know beggars ain't welcome nowhere. ’ ”

“ That 's just like poor Sam,” said I. “ He is not one to thrust his troubles upon his friends. I hope he will come.”

On the evening of the third day after this communication, Smith opened the door of my room, and, thrusting in his head and shoulders, inquired if I was ‘ at home.’

“ Yes, to be sure ! ” I replied. “ Is the captain of the *Miranda* arrived ? ” for I had been hourly expecting him.

“ Another guess person, sir,” said Smith, and then added in an under-tone, “ It 's the barber, sir, Old Sam.”

I ordered him to be admitted immediately. The old man entered. I had not seen him for many years. Having gently upbraided him for keeping me in ignorance of his misfortunes, I ordered him a glass of generous wine ; and the old man, warming gradually into conversation, gave me the following narrative of his life :—

THE BARBER'S TALE.

I had the misfortune to be born handsome, and, during my apprenticeship, the ladies would have no one

to dress their hair but me. This was a mortal offence to my master, and a fatigue to me. How often have I, when rushing from pole to pole, come in violent contact with a brother strap, and, much to the amusement of the passers-by, raised a cloud of powder large enough for the ambition of Jupiter.



My head was more profitable to him, however, than his original barber's pole. I was no sooner out of my time, than his daughter, looking upon me with different eyes from the old shaver, actually offered me her hand—*fist*, I should say, for she was the clumsiest creature you could meet with in a day's march; in fact, a chip of the old block, with a touch of brimstone, although I looked upon her as neither a match nor a catch. I met her overtures with a cutting air; and, having told her that red hair was my abomination, she took affront, and looked more ugly than ordinary.

This was "the head and front of my offending;" but her old father served me as he did the heads of his customers—he cut me!

I was not long in procuring another situation; but, the tax being just then laid on, powder almost instantaneously exploded. This was a blow that completely annihilated our puffs! Finding that I was more likely to get the sack than to bag more game, I accepted the offer of one of the heads of the corporation (for I dressed nothing but the heads) to become his valet. My fortune I now considered made. I felt elevated, and regarded my patron as the *raiser* of my falling fortunes. But here, unfortunately, my good looks lost me his countenance.

His lady, twenty years his junior, and who, I believe, was not his lawful wife, unluckily looked upon me too favourably. I had not been a quarter in his service before she prevailed upon him to increase my wages—an advance to which I certainly had no objection: but the advances she made me on her own private account I could not conscientiously receive, however flattering they might be; for she was really a very pretty, but vulgar, young woman, having originally operated in his kitchen before she was elevated to the parlour; and, indeed, the servant continually peeped through the flimsy disguise of the—mistress!

Honesty, they say, is the best policy: I have lived to experience that the policy of assurance is much better. The sweetest wine turns the soonest to vinegar; and I soon found myself in a sad pickle, and unable to preserve my situation, for in declining a proffered

freedom I lost my *livery*. By this sudden reverse, I found myself, like a Bartlemy-fair tumbler, on my own hands.

I thought of my old calling; but I had been nearly twelve months out of the line, and, when a man has once lost his footing, it is a very difficult thing to get upon his legs again.

It was some consolation, however, that mine was not a solitary trouble, for I found an innumerable flight of juvenile shavers, whom the iniquitous *poll-tax*, as we called it, had thrown out, and scattered in every direction—like a discharge of small shot. In fact, there were more blocks than wigs to cover them.

But I was not discouraged by the temporary want of success which my daily applications met with; although I saw others, who could scarcely keep their chins above water, drink deep to drown their sorrows, and of course they sank. My spirits, however, were not to be damped or diluted by the cold water which was continually thrown upon my honest endeavours. I persevered; and, after “fishing” patiently for a blue moon, I at last caught a place.

How diligently I worked! for labour after three months’ idleness appeared an agreeable amusement. I did as much business as any two journeymen in the establishment; and, having always a glib tongue and a ready wit, I soon ingratiated myself with the customers; and my governor, having gumption enough to appreciate my merits, soon raised my wages.

I felt myself a made man: I had taken root! Had I only been born an ugly man, my fortune would pro-

bably have been made. Not content with my excellent quarters, I must needs take unto myself a better-half. Yes; old Dimble had a niece—his adopted daughter. It was summer weather; the fires were out; and she obtained the appointment of purveyor of hot water to the shaving department. She was very interesting; and I was so struck when I first beheld her, that I carried away the curl of a customer in the hot tongs, and nearly singed his ear into the bargain. My fate was sealed. I had few opportunities of seeing her alone; but the dear girl did not keep me long in hot water. We got secretly married, and intended to keep her uncle in the dark, as he had promised to leave her all his property; and, as he was now become very old and infirm, there was a fair prospect of an early transfer of his real and personal estate. And the poor old man did die; and, when his will was opened, it enclosed a copy of our marriage certificate, extracted two months after it had taken place. We found he could keep a secret as well as ourselves. A former will was revoked. He bequeathed me his *Welsh wig*, and left a distant relative his *heir*.

This was the commencement of my misfortunes; time, sickness, and old age have done the rest.



THE OLD LEDGER.—No. VI.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

“PYR. Thisby, the flowers of odours savours sweet :

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.—

But hark, a voice ! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

THIS. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly Juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.”

Midsummer Night's Dream.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

PYRAMUS was the son of a respectable vender of deteriorated habiliments, dwelling in the renowned and populous city of Babylon.

At a tender age he had indicated a disposition for mercantile pursuits ; and his affectionate parent, yielding to his irresistible importunities, provided him with the means of accomplishing the desire of his heart. Prudently apprehending the danger of intrusting too great a venture in the hands of one who had scarcely

numbered eight summers, he, after mature deliberation, wisely limited the stock in trade of the youthful adventurer to a pot-lid and a pound (short weight) of peppermint drops.

"And now, Pyrry, my dear," said his affectionate father, with that anxious tenderness which a parent alone is capable of feeling, "go forth; remember that all the world are rogues. Keep your beautiful eyes wide open, that the people may see that you're awake. Be particular in counting the drops, and give no man too many—(you had better err on the other side). Keep your eye on your 'shop,' and be vigilant as a hawk, and brisk as a bee; for you have a world to do, and therefore—take care you're not done! Forget not the moralities I have sown in your untilled mind; and, above all, be charitable, profitably fructifying that excellent maxim which says, 'When thou meetest a stranger—take him in!'"

Under the able instruction of such a Mentor, it is not to be wondered at that the naturally acute infant progressed rapidly. In two years, the "pot-lid" was exchanged for a basket of "sweet stuff," slung round his neck; and, at fourteen, the precocious Pyramus, having "plucked many a goose," and accumulated a sufficient "stock," started in the quill line.

He now flourished—like a writing-master—and seemed approaching the very apex of his fortune. From the store of his delighted parent he selected the most modish suits, scientifically "clobbered up," and made to look equal to new. Proud was his affectionate sire, and ever to be remembered was the sunshiny

morning he sallied forth in his newly-purchased attire. Industry had transformed his tattered exterior to that of a beau ; and the justly-elevated Pyramus fluttered gaily about like a downy butterfly just emancipated from the grub !

CHAPTER II.

THE "HOLE IN THE WALL."

LITTLE puppies are invariably pretty, of whatever breed they may be ; but many, in outgrowing their puppyhood, lose their charms with their littleness. Time, however, only developed the personal graces which Nature had lavished upon the infant Pyramus ; and, on attaining his maturity, he was handsomer than even his babyhood promised, and was universally acknowledged to be one of the most engaging youths in all Babylon. Possessed of a correct ear, and a flowing and mellifluous voice, he was eagerly sought after ; and his social and musical talents obtained him an unanimous election to a celebrated club, held weekly at the sign of the "Hole in the Wall." In vain were the remonstrances of his industrious and money-getting parent, who bitterly chided him for losing his time. Pyramus replied to him with a smile, assuring him that his favourite pursuit was one which, on the contrary, taught him to "keep time ;" and he daily improved in the delightful art.

One evening, a most eventful one in the life of Pyramus, the "clique" had assembled at the usual

hour to enjoy the mingled pleasures of tobacco, drink, and harmony, when Chromis, their *basso*, a Babylonian of great stature, and with a commensurate breadth of chest and strength of lungs, was voted to the chair.

"Now, gentlemen," said Chromis, adjusting himself in the capacious leathern seat, and tapping upon the discoloured mahogany of the table with his presidential hammer, "fill your pipes, and tune your pipes,—and let each pour forth his 'wood-notes wild' like a lark *in nubibus*! Otus, my boy, as you have just wetted your whistle with a draught, I shall knock you down for a canticle."

"With all my heart," replied Otus; "and, with your permission, I will give you the song I have composed in praise of my favourite tippie."

"What, Burton?" inquired Learchus.

"The same," replied Otus.

"Strike up, then, my nightingale," said Chromis; whereupon Otus, after "going over" the first line, and pitching the key in his own mind, commenced the following eulogy on

A NIP OF BURTON.

"Oh! talk not to me of the pleasures of love,
For me all your beauties may flirt on:
Their wiles I despise, and their frowns I'm above,
While quaffing a nip of good Burton!

"Their lips may be sweet, and their smiles may be kind,
Dark lashes their bright eyes may curtain;
But, knowing the danger, my vision I blind
By quaffing a nip of good Burton!

"The wind may blow chill, and our cronies grow cold,
For friendship, like love, is uncertain ;
But still we shall find, rich or poor, young or old,
There 's warmth in a nip of good Burton !

"Then fill up a glass of the sparkling ale,
A draught that you can't grow inert on ;
For, to fill you with courage, it never will fail—
So toss off a nip of good Burton !"

The customary confusion of noisy compliments followed this effusion ; and many goblets, as usual, lost their feet.

Our hero was the next on whom the president called for a display of his vocal abilities.

"Really I've got such a cold," said Pyramus, "that I am afraid I shall break down in the attempt."

"Nay, don't dam the mellifluous current of the harmony," exclaimed Learchus ; "you, who are the very piping-bullfinch of the whole cage ! Come, sing away, as the kitchen-fire said to the brass tea-kettle !"

Pyramus, unable to resist this flattering appeal, hummed, bowed, hummed again, and then struck up the following

LOVE SONG.

"Young Mena was as fair a maid
As e'er in leather shoes
Trod on a turf, or made a swain
Invoke the tender muse.

"And Thyrsus lov'd her with a fervidness that knew no bounds,
And follow'd her as eagerly
As huntsmen do the hounds.

THE OLD LEDGER.

“ One day, while walking in a grove
 Of tall and stately trees,
 Fair Mena was amazed to see
 Her lover on his knees.

“ ‘ What do you there, my Thyrsus, dear ? ’
 The tender maiden cried :
 And, tripping like a fawn, she stood
 All by her lover’s side.

“ ‘ Your father has denied my suit,’
 Said he, with trembling speech ;
 ‘ Your love is wreck’d—behold him now
 A *cutter* on the *beech* !

“ ‘ Yes, on this beech I cut the name
 Of her I love so true ;
 And, as the elder has cut me,
 I’ll cut the elder too.’

“ ‘ O reckless rage ! what can assuage
 Or this fierce fury mol-
 lify ! ’ said Mena, drown’d in tears.—
 Cried Thyrsus, ‘ Tiddy-dol !

“ ‘ Dry up your tears, and fly with me ;
 Yes, Mena, bolt to-night ! ’
 ‘ I cannot go,’ said she, ‘ just so,
 My love, I’m such a fright !

“ ‘ Oh, what a crooked strait I’m in !’
 Exclaim’d the maid, dismay’d ;
 ‘ Twixt love and duty I shall fall,
 Dear Thyrsus, I’m afraid !’

“ ‘ So that you fall into my arms,’
 The tender Thyrsus cried,
 ‘ Your fall will be most soft, indeed,—
 Then haste, and be my bride ! ’ ”

This effort was followed, like an Italian prince in a melodrame, by sundry "bravoes"; and, the ice having been broken, the harmony soon became general, and note followed note in quick succession, like — the issue of a country bank!

As the last roar of the president concluded "The Wolf," (his crack song,) Pyramus, having summoned the waiter in vain to replenish his goblet, rose, and proceeded to the bar.

"I say, Chalks," said he, addressing the landlord, "this is very pretty attendance, upon my honour! Here have I been singing out—"

"I heard you, sir," interrupted mine host, "and a vastly sweet ditty 'twas. Sorry you should have to



come out; but the fact is, Ammon has gone out with the nine o'clock beer, and so you see—”

Pyramus heard no more, for every other sense was at that moment concentrated in his eyes. Standing at the bar, with her delicately white fingers twisted in the ear of a brown jug, he beheld a young virgin, as beautiful as a lily, with a countenance radiant as the sun, although neither so round nor so ruddy. A blush, outvying the tint of the summer-rose, overspread her face, summoned by the ardent gaze of the handsome Pyramus; and, either in tenderness to his feelings, or prompted by modesty, she let down her ample veil, and departed.

Placing his empty tumbler on the bar, Pyramus glided after the nymph. Dodging on this side, and then on that, the enamoured youth endeavoured to attract her attention, and, at last, found courage enough to speak.

“They’ve an excellent tap at the ‘Hole in the Wall,’” said he, sighing tenderly.

“Sir,” uttered the maiden.

Pyramus repeated the assertion and the sigh.

“Yes, sir,” replied she coldly; “I believe they draw the best in Babylon.”

“Doubtless, since they draw *you* there,” answered Pyramus with emphasis.

This was a home thrust, and the damsel appeared to ponder.

“Permit me to relieve you,” continued he, holding out his hand for the jug.

“I thank you, sir!” said she; “but I am neither

old nor feeble, and do not require the relief or the compassion of strangers."

"Nay, I only meant to relieve you of your burden," said Pyramus.

"A pot of half-and-half is not '*heavy*,'" replied the maiden.

"Indeed! I assure you *we* call it so in our club," said Pyramus, laughing at his own conceit.

Having in this novel and ingenious manner pushed into the stream of conversation, our hero went on swimmingly, and he had already ventured as far as a delicate declaration of his admiration, when the maiden suddenly stopped short, and, placing her jug upon the stone step of a decent habitation, swung round the street-door key upon her thumb, and scientifically thrust it into the lock.

"Pardon me, if I detain you a moment, fair creature!" said Pyramus;—"but do oblige me by telling me your name."

"Nonsense!" said she.

"Then, by the beard of the great Belus! I swear, I'm fixed like a scraper to this step till I know it."

"Nay, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed she; "my pa will be as cross as two sticks if I keep him waiting; for he never smokes a dry pipe."

"Your name, adorable?" persisted Pyramus.

"Well, then,—Thisbe."

"A thousand thanks, sweet Thisbe!" cried the enamoured youth. "And now one—"

"Don't be a fool!" cried Thisbe.

But not a word more passed the lips of the young

couple, for a reason—which we leave to the imagination of our readers.



CHAPTER III.

EVERY day Pyramus grew more thin and genteel—thinner in his person, and genteeler in his personal appearance; for, notwithstanding the vaunted sweetness of the tender passion, it certainly has the effect of an acid upon the body, reducing the plumpness of the muscular in proportion to the excitement upon the mental portion of the human fabric!—Hem!

As punctually as Ammon the pot-boy started with the nine o'clock tray, did Pyramus drop in at the “Hole-in-the-Wall,” and as regularly was the fawn-

like form of the beautiful Thisbe seen tripping along towards the same point, with the brown jug suspended by its ear upon the tips of her delicate digits.

As a matter of course in all such cases, the young couple soon understood each other, and the courtship went on as pleasantly as a woodland stream which murmurs on its course, unlooked upon by the glaring sun, gamboling away, and kissing the wild flowers on its margin !

The pallid and thoughtful visage of Pyramus (for the complexion of love, we hold, partakes more of the lily than the rose, notwithstanding the authority of the divine Milton, who asserts that "rosy red" is "love's proper hue") would probably have escaped the notice of his sire, had not an unusual absence of mind evidenced itself in his conduct ; for he would sometimes present himself at the morning meal with only one slipper, forget his waistcoat, or put on his stock, leaving his linen dangling on the back of a chair in his dressing-room ! Sometimes, when the fit was strong upon him, he would pour the coffee into the sugar-basin, or put the sugar into the milk-pot, and commit divers other extravagances, which are symptomatic of that mental aberration which is termed love !

"My boy ! my boy ! why what ails you ?" demanded the old man on one occasion, when the abstracted Pyramus, being ordered to replenish the grate with a shovel of Wallsend, mechanically lifted the plate of muffins from the "footman," and, deliberately placing the fuel thereon, pitched the contents of the china plate into the fire.

Pyramus stood and stared as one suddenly aroused from a dream ; and, while the blood crimsoned his sallow cheeks, unbosomed himself, and frankly "told his love" for the amiable Thisbe ; earnestly entreating his father to intercede with her parent in his behalf.

Now it chanced that the old man was well acquainted with the father of Thisbe, for he happened to be in the same "line," and moreover he was reported to be "warm." Thisbe, too, was his only daughter ; therefore no worldly objection could possibly be made to the proposed matrimonial arrangement.

After prudently discussing these material points, the old man made it his business to call at Thisbe's house on the same day at noon, promising to return and report progress to his anxious heir. The affair was soon settled, and the happy Pyramus was graciously allowed to pay his devoirs to Thisbe.

This delightful intercourse was like grease to the wheels of Time, and the old boy flew along like a steamer on a rail-road ! Days were diminished to hours, and the light-heeled minutes appeared to the lovers to be armed with the wings of Mercury, so swiftly did they fly.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FEUD.

Love, like the luscious pine-apple, is a compound of sweets and sour, and sometimes the acid predominates. The sweetest wines are the most liable to be

turned to vinegar. O ! mundane felicity ! what a fragile flower thou art ! Alas ! but our feelings of sympathy carry us away like thistle-down upon the blast. We must screw up the pegs of our resolution, and endeavour to attune our nerves to the task of playing through the whole piece without a *trillo*, or shake. Know, then, most gentle and anxious reader, that the two fathers, in the lawful prosecution of their avocation, attended at the same sale, where, among other personals, there was a lot consisting of a pair of most "desirable and extensive red plush unmentionables." The two dealers warmly contested the prize ; the bid-dings and the feelings of the men rose to an unwarrantable and alarming height ; and, amid the jeers and laughter of the assembly, the lot was finally knocked down to the father of Pyramus. The obstinacy of his opponent had prompted him to bid away, and he was conscious that his victory, like many others, was too dearly purchased ; and, bagging his precious lot, he walked away in dudgeon.

His rival, on his part, considered that he was wilfully and maliciously deprived of a bargain, and, with compressed lips, and a wrinkled brow, he repaired to his house to vent his feelings on his weeping daughter.

"Never shall a son of his cross my threshold !" said he.

"The daughter of such an avowed enemy shall never intermarry with my house !" said the father of Pyramus.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish ! as the monkey said when he peeped at the lobsters squeaking a chorus in the copper !

CHAPTER V.

DISOBEDIENCE.

"It's of no use—I don't care—no ; never !" soliloquised the enamoured Pyramus, thumping his clenched fist upon the kitchen-table. Perhaps in the whole gamut of the passions there is nothing more truly affecting than the exhibition of love struggling with duty ; like a poor little urchin kicking and bellowing in the iron grasp of a birch-wielding pedagogue ! Pyramus and Thisbe had already gone too far to recede, and were both alike deaf to the parental authority which would have "whistled" them back again.

The best proof of the reciprocity of their minds upon this point was, that on that very same evening they both met at the "Hole-in-the-Wall ;" and as this was now their only trysting-place, it was resolved that their meeting should be "repeated every evening until further notice."

Having matured their plans, it was ultimately decided that they should elope together ; and Pyramus having sold his remaining stock of quills, and "feathered his nest," proposed that Thisbe should meet him on the following evening at the tomb of Ninus.

Oh ! what a foggy, boggy space, with *ignis fatuus* ripe, is that which gloomily stretches itself between

the proposition and execution of a deed of moment and contingent apprehension !

CHAPTER VI.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES.

THE hour of meeting approached. The chaste Diana, lest she might be deemed a *particeps criminis* in the stolen interview, appeared in the heavens with her radiant countenance veiled in a fleecy cloud, as white and clear as a piece of book-muslin. The gentle zephyrs sighed in sympathy. With a light step and a palpitating heart the trembling Thisbe repaired to the appointed spot, veiled to the toes.

The sacred tomb of Ninus, which stood without the walls of Babylon, reposed in the shadow of the spreading mulberry-trees planted around it. Scarcely had Thisbe arrived, and looked around with an anxious and inquiring gaze for her lover, when a loud roar, that thrilled through her heart like a war-trumpet, transfixed her to the spot with terror.

“ O ! Pyramus, my love, my treasure ! why art thou not here ? ” exclaimed the maiden, at the same moment the cracking and crackling of the boughs in a distant underwood caused the roses of her cheek to blanch.

By the imperfect light of the thinly-clouded moon, the affrighted Thisbe beheld a lioness bounding towards her. Swift as a dove from a hawk, the virgin turned and fled, dropping her veil in her path. For-

unately, the feminine fancy of the lioness was attracted by the veil, and arrested in her murderous career. Pouncing upon the fallen ornament, she entangled her talons in the meshes, and, tumbling about as if in sport, tore it into a thousand shreds.

Having satisfied herself with this novel amusement, she retreated to the woods, summoned by the voice of her royal consort, her head still entangled in a portion of the veil; and no doubt the lion and cubs were heartily amused at her appearance, being the first lioness on record that had taken the veil.

Pyramus, thinking of nothing but his love, soon afterwards appeared upon the scene, with his stick and bundle, containing all his personal property.

With that furtive glance which a man always wears when about to do what he ought not to do, he reconnoitred the place; presently his eyes fell upon the lacerated lawn, and, recognising in a twinkling the well-known veil of his beloved, he dropped his stick and a tear, and uttered a shriek that was as long and sharp as a six weeks' frost!

"O Thisbe! apple of my eye! some furious beast hath nibbled thee! Cruel fate! that has permitted my gentle dove to become the victim of such a swallow!" He cast his bundle on the ground; and clasped his burning brow in his clammy palms.

"Farewell, world! for remorseless Mors has popped his extinguisher on the light of my life, and left me in utter darkness! Even now, perhaps, her shade is wandering on the borders of the Styx! In life we were united, and in death we will row in the same boat.

Tarry awhile, dear Thisbe! thy lover's stick's soon cut, and he will follow thee! Come forth, my steel, and steal away my life." And, drawing a poniard from his girdle, he buried it in his woe-fraught bosom, and rolled over his bundle.

Love, overcoming all feelings of fear, prompted Thisbe to return, and the heart of her lover had scarcely ceased to beat when she stood beside him. What pen can paint her pangs! Grasping the fatal and too-ready dagger, the despairing maiden, uttering the name of her beloved, at one blow put a period to her existence. Like two green palms levelled by a hurricane, they lay extended side by side!

* * * * *

The next day the bodies were discovered, and, to the astonishment of the assembled crowd, they observed a sort of miracle had been worked, for the fruit of the adjacent mulberry-trees, which was formerly white, was changed to a sanguinary red, and has ever since that lamented occasion preserved that colour.

Who can hereafter masticate a pottle of mulberries without mentally pondering upon the melancholy catastrophe of the Babylonian lovers, or fail to exclaim, "Such are the fruits of filial disobedience!"

THE OLD LEDGER.—No. VII.**THE BREAD-AND-CHEESE CLUB.**

AT six o'clock precisely, my old crony, David Owen, called at the office in consequence of a promise which I had made a fortnight before to accompany

him to his club. He had frequently spoken of the pleasure he enjoyed, and expressed so urgent a desire that I should participate in the amusement the society afforded, that I, at last, consented to be introduced as his friend — a special favour, as I afterwards understood; for, although there were in all twenty members, but one invitation was permitted by the rules, and this privilege only allowed in rotation, so that it amounted almost to exclusiveness.

The members were chiefly clerks in the East India House, or Bank of England, and most of them dwelling in “merry Islington,” or its immediate neighbourhood.

Islington in those days was not a continuation of London. It was surrounded on every quarter by pleasant fields, and wore the appearance of a rural village.

The club was held at the Queen’s Head in the Lower Road,—an antique structure of the times of good Queen Bess. A room on the first floor was appropriated to its meetings. An old oak table stood in the centre of the sanded floor, garnished with leathern-bottomed chairs, black from age and long service; while a high-backed elbow-chair, standing on a sort of dais at the upper end of the festive board, served as a throne for the president.

Highly-coloured and varnished maps of Cheshire, Wiltshire, and other cheese-manufacturing counties, were displayed upon the dingy walls, which, my friend informed me, were presented by Mr. Amos Brown, the facetious chairman of “The Bread-and-Cheese

Club,"—so called from the simple fare in which they indulged; while Old Ned, their grey Ganymede, supplied their cups with foaming draughts of bottled ale and porter.

"Then they are not of Doctor Johnson's opinion," said I, when David had explained these sumptuary laws of the club, "'Drink beer—think beer.'"

"You will soon have an opportunity of being convinced of one of the many errors of the great lexicographer," replied he; "for, although we allow no spirituous liquors, we can boast of some choice spirits, which exhilarate without intoxication."

As he spoke, the great clock at the stair-head, with its broad black face and golden figures, struck eight, and a shuffling of feet announced the approach of the punctual members. Old Ned, the white-headed waiter, napkin in hand, threw open the door, and, almost before the clock had ceased striking, the room was filled.

There was, however, no confusion; every member hung his hat upon his own peg, and dropped mechanically into his accustomed seat.

When Mr. Amos Brown had taken the chair, David formally introduced me to him, and then, turning to the members, merely said, "My friend, Mr. Thorley." They all bowed, and some shortly greeted me with "Happy to see you, sir;"—"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir;" and others "trusted I would make myself at home."

Having gone through these introductory preliminaries, and taken my seat, the door was opened, and

the table speedily spread with three or four kinds of cheese, and ale and beer in profusion; and, the president filling his pipe and lighting it, his example was followed by the rest.

During the few tranquil minutes which followed, I had a good opportunity of observing the president. He was a very spare man, with a sharp angular physiognomy, brown as mahogany. His head was very much flattened on both sides, and the summit crowned with a sleek, close crop of dark hair, a pair of dull grey eyes peering from beneath his projecting forehead. He was, certainly, in appearance, neither intellectual nor prepossessing; and was altogether such a man as one would "cut out of a cheese-paring after dinner."

"Come, Owen,—and you, Binks, you don't drink," said he, looking across the table at his friends. "You remind me of the moon, in Norval's speech,—'you've not yet filled your horns!'"*

"Very good," said Binks approvingly.

"A hit!" said David Owen.

"A HOME-thrust," said Amos quietly, alluding to the author of the tragedy.

This sally stirred up the members, and the conversation became general.

"If I may be allowed to perpetrate a pun," said Binks diffidently, knocking out the ashes of his pipe,—“that is, if the club will accept it as such,

* "This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns."—HOME's *Douglas*.

I should say that our friend opposite, though always *Owen*, is never in *debt*."

A roar of laughter followed this laborious effort.

"For goodness' sake, my dear Binks," said Amos gravely, "whenever the wantonness of your sportive imagination leads you into an extravagance of this kind, let fly like a sharp-shooter; for the best conceit ever begotten in the brain of mortal man would be still-born in such a protracted delivery. If a bad pun, the sooner the fool's bolt is shot the better; if a good one, it will tell with ten times the effect. Remember, there is neither infancy nor youth in a pun,—no progression in its ephemeral life,—it is born full-grown, and dies of old age in a second."

Then, turning his grey eyes, which were lit up with all the brightness of intelligence, towards a jolly companion, whose extensive white waistcoat and ruddy visage proclaimed him a worthy member of the jovial crew, he called abruptly upon him for a song.

With pipe in one hand, and a foaming tankard in the other, Bob Wilkinson (so he called him) sang the following, with a great deal of gusto :—

"When harass'd and worn by the toils of the day,
At evening's close I wend homeward my way,
A solace—a comfort I never knew fail,—
I find in my pipe and my tankard of ale.

"In a snug little arbour, my friend by my side,
Whose truth and fidelity Time hath well tried,
The cares of this life I forget to bewail,
Enjoying my pipe and my tankard of ale.

"In balls and gay parties let others delight,
Destroying their health in the joys of the night;
With me their example shall never prevail;
I prefer my cool pipe and a tankard of ale.

"Yes! Fashion so fickle, with all her stiff rules,
Makes very few happy, and many folks fools:
Her newest inventions grow speedily stale,
While still fresh are my pipe and my tankard of ale.

"How harmless and quiet the joys that I feel!
For they ne'er interfere with another man's weal.
I smile—yes, in pity—when other folks rail,
Who like not a pipe and a tankard of ale.

"Although all the world shall our comfort despise,
We still will be social, and merry, and wise;
With song and with joke, or mirth-moving tale,
We'll relish our pipe and our tankard of ale."

"Bravo! bravo!" resounded from his auditors.

"I pitched it in rather too high a key," said Wilkinson, modestly shrinking from the "unbounded applause" under cover of this gratuitous concession.

"Talking of keys," observed a small member on the right hand of the president, "can any one tell me which is the most difficult key to turn?"

"A don-key," replied Wilkinson.

"Except a pig!" remarked the unfortunate Binks, confounding in his own mind the comparative obstinacy of animals, and most unaccountably losing sight of the point of the conundrum!

"Excellent, my dear Binks!" cried Amos Brown, laughing heartily. "You are certainly a fresh im-

portation from the Emerald Isle. That is the neatest blunder you ever perpetrated. As for the conundrum, our facetious friend is indebted for it to his tobacco-paper; and, if not an old Joe, is a near relation of that worthy; and it is, at all events, a very old acquaintance of mine. After all, a conundrum is merely punning aforethought; in which the maker has the advantage of concocting both question and answer. The retort and the receiver are both in his own hands; and he must be a bungler indeed who cannot distil something pungent. Why, I could coin conundrums as quickly as you would cast bullets!"

"Supposing you were *led*—by inclination," observed Binks.

"That's very fair—for Binks," said Owen, sarcastically qualifying his approval.

"Nay, he has redeemed himself with interest," replied Amos Brown; "so, with your good leave, we'll pledge him."

No one shrinks,
But gladly drinks
The health of Binks.

"Binks!" "Binks!" "Binks!" was echoed on every side, and the brimming horns were tossed off to his health.

A silence of a few seconds followed. Binks filled a bumper,—pushed it from him,—then drew it back again,—hummed, and cast down his eyes, and, in fine, performed all the customary pantomime of those in his delicate situation.



"Gentlemen," said he, rising, "although the honour you have so unanimously conferred upon me has placed me on my legs, I assure you I feel more depressed than elevated. Like some poor devil with a solitary tester in his fob, I'm fumbling for words to pay off the score your kindness has run up, and my gratitude acknowledges as due (hear! hear!). I am so deeply indebted, and yet so poor withal in speech, that I am really compelled to offer a composition to my creditors. You are all, fortunately, so friendly disposed, that I am convinced you will accept a simple dividend of the sincerest thanks, in lieu of the eloquence you demand, and in which I am indeed a bankrupt. (hear! hear!) Gentlemen, accept my thanks for the honour you have done me, and my best wishes for your health and prosperity."

"Bravo!" cried the club, with one voice, as Binks resumed his seat.

"A neat and appropriate speech," said Amos

Brown, with a patronising air, "and well worthy a prominent place in the BINKSI ORATIONES! Really, with the exception of a worthy individual, whom modesty forbids me to name, Binks is the best orator in the club. Owen," continued he, addressing my conductor, "let us evaporate the dampness which speech-making generally throws over the company by a duetto."

To which appeal Master David immediately responded by striking up and singing a first to the following

DUET.

"Ye lusty knaves who wish to shine,
Lave your lips with rosy wine—
 Rosy wine—
 Rosy wine.
Song and eloquence divine
Sparkling spring from rosy wine.
Carking Care, with wrinkled brow,
From the goblet shrinks, I vow.
Charge with grape-shot—charge and prime,
If ye wish to kill old Time;
 For Time and Care must die,
 Or fly,
Like the night-clouds from the sky
When the ruddy sun doth shine.
Then lave your lips with rosy wine—
 Rosy wine—
 Rosy wine—
Ye lusty knaves who wish to shine!"

Although both the words and the sentiment of this antique piece were of very slender merit, the singers

made so much of it in the execution that it was loudly encored, and repeated.

“What exceeding relish wine gives to song, and song no less to wine!” said Amos Brown. “Depend on ’t, Bacchus and Apollo are mutually obliged to each other, and form an excellent partnership. Melodious as the pipe of Apollo may be, the *pipe* of Bacchus (whether port or claret) is an excellent accompaniment. Nay, I doubt if Apollo were ever content with a pure draught from Helicon; ‘cold without,’ rely upon it, was too insipid for his palate. He knew, and proved too, there was truth in wine, and occasionally hob-and-nobbed with the leopard-rider. Besides, is not Apollo the poetical type of the sun?—and is not the jolly sun a thirsty soul?”

“Ay, to be sure,” assented Owen, laughing, “and drinks ‘mountain dew’* like a Highlander.”

“Or a native of the Isle of Sky!” said Brown.

“Amos,” continued Owen, “thou hast given us a most apt illustration. Thou hast surely donned the casque of Minerva.”

“A fig for the owl-crested casque of Minerva!” cried Amos; “give me a cask of Madeira. On young fellows like us, Owen, wit sits more seemly than wisdom. Our youthful spirits now elevate us to the sparkling regions of the light and gay, as assuredly as Time and Old Age will—bring us to the grave! But Brother Binks has ‘caught the eye of the speaker.’ He is struggling ‘like a spent swimmer’ against the

* Mountain-dew—whisky; so called from its illicit distillation in the mountains.

strong current of his thoughts ! Silence ! and let him vent his meaning."

Hereupon little Binks filled a bumper, and rose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am naturally diffident ; but I fearlessly assert that what I am about to say will prove infinitely agreeable (hear ! hear ! and laughter). I don't mean the manner in which I shall express myself, but the subject : at the same time I can only regret that it is not in the hands of one more capable of doing justice to it, for I see many around me who could have done it better (no ! no !) ; but, still, I will not allow that they could have expressed themselves with more sincerity. I am confident you will agree with me that the individual I have the honour to name is in every respect worthy of your regard ; for, while his urbanity has made us feel perfectly at home, his wit has enlivened us. Gentlemen, I beg leave to propose the health of our excellent president."

Of course the whole club arose to do honour to Binks's toast.

All eyes were instantly directed towards Amos Brown, who replied in the following terms :—

"It would be an ill compliment to you, gentlemen, to say that I am flattered ; I know your sincerity too well ; but, in acknowledging that virtue in you, I tacitly admit all the worth and excellence your partiality has attributed to me. This is a very awkward, although a pleasant, dilemma ; and I feel like the shipwrecked tar when he was unanimously elected chief of a tribe of savages, and presented with six wives. And, what do you think he did ? Why, like a brave

man, as he was, he submitted to his fate; and, thanking them heartily, told them they were too bountiful by half; and that, in their excessive goodness, they had measured his corn by their own bushel. In expressing my hearty thanks, I do not think my ingenuity can suggest a more appropriate reply than that of the bewived mariner,—and to which I shall only add my wishes for your health and prosperity.”

“Excellent ’pon my word!” exclaimed Bob Wilkinson.

“I must confess I am rather disappointed,” said little Binks; “for a man of his inches I did expect he would have been longer on his legs.”

“Perhaps you will go so far as to assert, Binks, that I have not risen—in your estimation?” inquired Amos.

“Not exactly so,” replied Binks. “But I do think, gentlemen, the *chair* is very *chary* of his words to-night!”

“Oh!”—“Oh!”—“Oh!” cried the club, in various keys, at this attempt at facetiousness on the part of Binks, many of the countenances assuming that comical expression betwixt crying and laughter which the “pins and needles” of a “leg asleep” usually produce.

“A most impertinent speech,” observed Owen.”

“Call it a *deteri-ORATION*,” said Amos Brown,—“a poisoned arrow shot by Envy from a *cross-beau*, by which he has assuredly ——” (at this juncture Binks was about to resume his seat, when, a practical joker having withdrawn his chair, he went plump

upon the floor) — “let himself down!” concluded Amos, with a prompt and happy allusion to the fallen Binks.

The peals of laughter which followed were enough to—shake out the curls of the “Old Queen’s Head.”

The good-humoured Binks, however, rose with agility, and joined in the merriment. “I’m only sorry,” said he, “that I have lowered myself in your eyes. Laugh on! for when a man’s jaws are distended by laughter there’s no fear of his biting. And you will find me as difficult to ‘put out’—as you would Greek fire.”

“Bravo, Binks!” cried Amos. “Truly you are like a piece of phosphorus, a ‘rub’ only makes you burn brighter. You ought really to be fond of a ‘rubber,’ for you always win. But come, Binks, regale our ears with a little melody.”

Upon this challenge Binks struck up what he termed

A MORAL DITTY.

“A sarving-man upon a nag came trotting down the road,
The sarving-man was fat and sleek, and eke was quite a load—
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

“The trotting-nag was lank and lean, his tail was like a stump;
The sarving-man he whipp’d and spurr’d, and made him kick
and jump—
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

"The trotting nag came to a pond, and there he stood stock-still ;

Quoth the sarving-man unto the nag, ' Hey, Dobbin ! what 's your will ? '

Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay !

"The trotting-nag ne'er answer'd *he*, but waggled quick his tail,
And stuck his head atween his legs, which made the man to rail—

Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay !

"The sarving-man he tugg'd and pull'd, and pull'd and tugg'd
the rein :

But tugging, pulling, coaxing, all i'faith were tried in vain—

Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay !

"At length the nag uplifted both his hinder-legs, and duck'd,
And the sarving-man right over he into the pond was chuck'd—

Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay !

"MORAL.

"A restive nag into a pond ne'er lead, good sirs, to drink,

For, if ye cannot swim, 'egad ! ye're very like to sink.

Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay !"

Joke and repartee now flew from side to side with
the rapidity of snow-balls, and there was many a good
"hit" made in the general *mêlée*.

The great clock, however, struck eleven, and the
meeting broke up in the highest glee ; and I was alto-

gether so gratified with my evening's entertainment,
that I promised to be Owen's "friend" when he next
enjoyed the privilege of giving a man



THE BEST INTRODUCTION IN THE WORLD.

THE OLD LEDGER.—No. VIII.

THE following “trifles light as air,” in prose and rhyme, include the whole of Mr. Thorley’s lucubrations ; although not amounting to one-sixth of the contents of the Old Ledger,—but the rest (consisting chiefly of familiar and facetious epistles, addressed to his intimate friends, upon sundry subjects of mere local or personal interest) have not been deemed of sufficient interest for the perusal of the general reader, and are therefore suppressed.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

“ O Grease ! enlighten’d Grease !” exclaim’d
 The Snuffers to the Ex-
 -tinguisher, as they walk’d along,
 “ How much it would perplex
 Both you and me, my constant friend,
 Were Grease to be extinct,—
 Or with the Russian bear—O dear !—
 Become for ever link’d.”
 “ It would, indeed,” his friend replied ;
 “ No light would then delight :
 For tallow is what valour was
 To the advent’rous knight,—

For tallow gives to *our* nights
What valour gave of old."—
"Yet candles do not fight," observed
The Snuffers; "so I'm told."
"Not fight!" exclaimed Extinguisher;
"Indeed your ign'rance shocks.
Why, dearest Snuffers, you must oft
Have seen a candle-*box*?"
"Yes, to be sure; why, really I
Am quite a fool, I own."
"Or, p'raps, last night we took too much,
And have quite snuffy grown."
"Ah! you're so sharp," the Snuffers said,
"And turn on one so quick.
Well! well! 'tis loyalty that makes
You to the candle—stick!
But you are always ready, and
Will ever be, no doubt;
Your brass, like impudence, can put
The brightest candle out!"

THE SAW AND THE AXE.

A COCKNEY DIALOGUE.

EARLY one spring morning, when the sun had scarcely melted the hoar-frost from the brown face of the wrinkled earth, an old axe happened to fall in with a saw. There was a "cutting air" abroad, that threatened the newly-shaven chin with *chaps*!

"Ah! my old blade!" said the Axe, "how goes it with you? I came purposely to see how you do."

"I really feel much obliged to you," said the Saw, "but am sorry to say that my *teeth* are very bad.

My master has sent for the doctor, who, 'twixt you and I and the post, is no better than an 'old file !' I was in the workshop last night, where—"

"Where, no doubt, you—saw a great deal," facetiously interrupted the Axe.

The Saw showed his teeth in a sort of grin betwixt melancholy and mirth, and resumed,

"Why, I may say so with some truth ; and I consider it no more than a duty I owe Mr. Carpenter to do as much as I can, in spite of my teeth, for he is really liberal—in point of *board*."

"And, do you never grow rusty ?" asked the Axe.

"Not with *over* work," replied the Saw ; "and, indeed, I have always found that constant employment best preserves our polish ; which, after all, is only artificial."

"You are quite a philosopher."

"Not exactly so ; for I sometimes do grow exceedingly *hot*, and lose my *temper*."

"And what says your master ?"

"Why, he generously desists awhile, and I soon grow cool again, and then I cut away like a razor through a piece of mottled soap !"

"You are a happy fellow," said the Axe. "How differently am I situated ! My master is a 'chopping boy,' with a thick block, which is tantamount to saying he is a fat fool. He is very sharp with me sometimes ; and when he finds I am inclined to be blunt, he grinds me most cruelly."

"Alas !" cried the Saw ; "it's the way of the world, my friend ; for I have invariably remarked, that

the rich always grind the poor for the sake of the 'chips.'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Axe.

"You see I've not lived in the world all this time without getting a notch or two," said the Saw.

"Nor I either," replied the Axe; "although, in obtaining the said notches, I have not only lost my courage, but a portion of my metal too!"

"Well, I never saw!" exclaimed his friend; "how you talk! I am sure your teeth do not give you any trouble, at any rate."

"I ax your pardon, old boy," remonstrated the Axe; "for, although I do not complain of my *teeth* exactly, my *chops* give me a pretty considerable deal of trouble, I can tell you."

The Saw grinned an approval of the Axe's wit.

"Peace!" exclaimed the Axe. "Here comes Mr. Carpenter; so 'don't show your teeth, till you can bite,'—I believe that is the maxim of a relation of yours?"

"Not a relation," said the other; "though they are the words of a *wise old saw*!"

EVERY MAN HIS OWN COOK.

Oh! Molly, there are very few
Such plump and rosy girls as you;
If you refuse
Me, or abuse,
Why I shall feel
Just like an eel
Cut up and in a stew!

All must confess
There's none can dress
So well as Molly; (bless her!)
Such grace is in you,
None can insinuate
-ate you are a *kitchen* DRESSER!
Your rosy cheeks
With ruddy streaks
Excel in beauty far the chops
Of mutton-fat in butchers' shops!
Though tightly laced,
Your very *waist*
Is not *extravagance* in you.
Your pies and patties too!
Yes, cruel!
Your paste is worth a real *jewel*!
Your language smart
Is sometimes too—a *little tart*,
And you a *tartar*.
Relent, dear Molly, or you'll make
Your love a martyr,
And bring him to the stake!
Then love me, dearest Doll, and I
Will make you mine, and mother of our *fry*!

THE RAT'S LAMENTATION.

O cruel trap! O sad mishap!
O! what a tale of woe!
'Twas love of cheese deluded her,
And all my hopes laid low.
But though a bait has caught my spouse,
My love can naught abate;
Against the cruel bars I rail,
And rail at cruel Fate.

So kind she was, I never felt
The matrimonial noose ;
And then her virtue—lack-a-day !
I wish that she were loose !
Two tender daughters in the nest
Demand a mother's care ;
O ! may her present case n'er fall
To either darling's share !
Fast flies the night, like one in flight
Before a conqu'ring foe ;
And morning breaks, and breaks my heart—
The light brings heavy woe.
The cruel cook, who set the trap,
Will soon be up and down ;
And when she sees my love, will seize
Her victim with a frown,
And plunge her in a pail, perhaps ;
Or, oh ! much worse than that,
Will sentence her—like mutineer—
To the infernal—*cat* !
Farewell ! dear partner of my toils,
Whom cruel toils now bind ;
I never thought my wife would be
So soon again confined.

DICK AND TOM.



DICK.

O Thomas, dear Thomas, I think
Somehow you are given to drink.

TOM.

O no!—you 're mistaken, d 'ye see,
For the drink it was given to me :
All I know is, I went to the Docks,
And now—I am fast in the stocks ;
But, no more will I drink, unless mix'd,
I'm *resolved*—nay, you see I am *fix'd*.

DICK.

Your poor wife was frighten'd to death,
And vented her sighs with her breath.

TOM.

Poor soul !—she must still wait a bit
Before I get out of this *fit* ;
And a precious strong fit it is too ;
And yet I have safely “ got through.”

THE OLD LEDGER.

But I 'm sorry to see you stand there,
So hot and so sultry 's the air ;
I assure you, and need not repeat
How gladly I 'd give you *my* seat !

DICK.

Don't mention it, Tom ; I can stand.

TOM.

I wish *I* could, too ; but unmann'd,
And laid by the heels, here I be —
Oh ! you 've a *fast* friend, Dick, in me.
So run to the constable quick,
(I wish the whole *raee* at Old Nick !)
And tell him to undo the locks,
And set your friend free from the stocks !

EQUALITY!



THE POT-BOY'S ORATION.

"TALK o' rank ! rank nonsense ! I 'm for equality ; everybody alike, to be sure !—for, where there 's no *difference*, in course, everybody must agree.

"I 'm for the levelling system, which would certainly make all the world as smooth as a billiard-table.

"What are the *heads* of the people ? Heads of pins and flummery. A head to a pot o' porter is wery vell ; cos vhy, ve can blow it off ven ve vant to drink.

"All *screws* have heads, but *brads* has none ; and *brads* is the things ve vant.

"I 'm a Radical. They say as how ve've bin a-gettin' a-head lately, and that vun of our heads has a tail. Vell, then, it's a game of heads and tails, I

s'pose ; and it all depends upon the best two and three.

" A sort o' toss-up vether ve succeeds or no. I, for vun, vill not cry 'heads,' but 'ooman ; and, under the present government, the 'ooman vill vin, depend on 't !

" Now, I 'll jist go for to explain my plan ; it is this 'ere. Fust and foremost, I 'd lop all the members. Does anybody vant members ? Secondly, I 'd do away with the heads ; for, does any body vant a head ? And then, lastly, I 'll let nobody govern anybody.

" Now, I ask, is not that liberty and independence ? Vhy, it 's plain as the nose on your face.

" There are two p'intz more I vish to discuss, vvhich is this 'ere,—vvhats the use o' hedication I never could understand. I on'y know as I vent to school, and that the master whack'd me over the hand with his 'ruler' ; and vvhats did 'I learn ?—vvhys, to hate all rulers ever since ; and that 's the holus bolus o' the business.

" As for writin', I never could 'come it' at all ; and so, instead o' writin' copies, I sot up 'rightin' o' wrongs ; and isn't it more nobler ?

" The next p'int is, vot 's the use o' taxes ? Vhy, jist this 'ere,—a big un or so gets *place* (that 's the *fish* they like), and ve starves on red herrings. Ain't this ridic'lous ?

" The high-bred get the loaves, and raise the price o' bread (vvhich is the reason they 're called *high-bred*) ; and ve, poor devils ! can scarcely get brown bread, thof

ve're better bred nor them adulterated fellows, vot have a precious sight o' 'chaff' in their compositions!

"The next reform I vould purpose is this 'ere, that all the public houses should be *free*; that is, that every Englishman should call for vot he liked, and no reckoning; so that there might be *twenty* public houses in vun street, and yet not a *score*!

"My eyes! but the publicans would be a-tapping all day long, like so many woodpeckers.

"Ain't this fine, ey? And it vill come to pass, too. But, unfort'nately, there are so many blockheads, that there is no doubt any rational proposition vill meet vith considerable opposition.

"But time will conquer all *obelisks*,* and truth vill make its vay slowly but surely, like a bright sun through the fog; see if it doesn't, that's all!"

TO NANCY.

MY heart is gone, and I've no heart to tell,
And shall but ill express what I can feel so well;
But that I love thee, Nancy, is as true
As I have lost one heart—and won thee too.
I fain would sing—what I can never feign,
(To be a gay deceiver I'm too *plain*,)
But fear I some false note, whate'er my fire
Would make me seem, in truth, the Muse's *liar*!
Besides, beside myself I first must be,
Ere I can praise in artful poesy

* Tempus edax rerum!

One whom plain reason guides in her converse,
 Who would not give a smile for rhyme—per-verse.
 Then, in three simple words, I 'll simply say
 "I love thee,"—ay, and will till settling day;
 For time shall work no change in me,—unless
 Time *dwindles* thee,—why, then, I 'll love thee less.
 In point of beauty though we disagree,
 I trust this will our only difference be;
 And this may be averted while I live,
 If thou wilt please thy countenance to give
 To him who, wanting thy fair favour, will
 Be in such need, that needs must quickly kill.
 But stay, my pen!—perchance thou may'st esteem
 As sweet profession this my candid theme.

A final word or two I 'll just indite,
 Which right well fit what I 'm well pleased to write.

When Cavil waited on the Widow Bland
 With letter and with *settlement* in hand,
 She read Sir Solo's nonsense, and she sigh'd;
 Then sweetly said, just laying it aside,
 (The world's experience such precaution breeds,)
 "The *words* are fair—now let me see the *deeds*."

THE LOVERS.



"I've been waiting here this hour, sir," said a little cross Toad, looking as sour as a crab on the "apple of her eye."

"My dear creature, I beg you a thousand pardons," replied her devoted lover; "but, unless I had borrowed *sham*-pinions (cham-pignons), I could not have flown to the foot of your toad-stool sooner. The fact is —"

"The fact is, sir," interrupted his tender *innamorata*, "you've been philandering."

"Upon my veracity you do my affection an injury," said the lover, laying his hand upon his heart, or rather the place formerly occupied by that muscle; for he had already bestowed it on the amiable object of his attachment. "Oh! Toadalinda, you little know what I feel!" and he fumbled in his coat-pocket for his snuff-

box ; for he was one of those valuable friends who are always ready at a pinch. "The rains fell like a deluge, and, fearful lest the tender flame of pure love should be extinguished by the inundation, I tarried on my way to purchase a Macintosh."

"Ah ! you have always some excuse for your conduct," cried his lady. "The other night you were detained at the club."

"And did you not then blame me for having soaked my clay too much ? It was that very rebuke, Toadalinda, that induced me on this rainy night to make this purchase, that I might not again be in the same condition."

"You 're a rogue !"

"And you 're a beauty !" said the lover, as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"Done, do !" cried Toadalinda ; "I 'll tell my ma',—see if I don't."

"And I 'm quite sure your ma' will not mar our hopes," replied the lover ; "for, though she is an affectionate wife, I feel confident, I 'm above *par* in her estimation."

"Dear me ! see how you 've creased my sleeves. What will my parent say ?"

"Say ?" rejoined the lover. "Why, when she sees your dress, she 'll say she sees my love *in-creases*, to be sure !"

"And call you a puppy—"

"No ; for puppies are not fond of *muslin*, and I am,—when it adorns the fair proportions of Toadalinda !"

"Oh! you flatterer—"

"No! I speak the truth, though I see you through love's spectacles."

"Does love wear spectacles?"

"Yes, and makes them too. Look at the rejected, or the jealous lover, are they not a pair of spectacles? But let us not waste the precious moments, Toadalinda. I've come to invite you to a hop."

"A hop! Oh! delightful!"

"Yes, in Bogland Marsh. I've succeeded in obtaining two tickets from the Lady Patroness. I assure you it will be quite a crack affair. Jack-o'-lantern illuminates on the occasion."

"Gemini! how kind of you—"

"Yes; and I think we shall shine too, as the brass candlestick said to the new saucepan; for few can shake a toe better than your devoted; and you, my beloved, are perfect in the figure, in more senses than one. But come along!"

The appeased and delighted Toadalinda put her arm within her lover's, while he held an expanded toad stool over her head to shelter her from the drizzling rain, and away they trotted to the scene of festivity, without waiting to partake of any refreshment; for, as the lover jocosely expressed himself, "they were sure of a little *wet* upon the road!"



THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING.

SMOKE—IN VOLUMES;

A RHAPSODICAL, ERRATIC RIGMAROLE.

“Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.”—HORAT.

“FUS. Now shall we smoke the calumet of peace.
ART. I shall smoke short-cut; you smoke what you please.
BOMB. Whate’er your Majesty shall deign to name,
Short-cut or long, to me is all the same.”

Bombastes Furioso.

“Sublime tobacco! which, from East to West,
Cheers the tar’s labours, or the Turkman’s rest.”—BYRON.

“ Qui vivra fumera
Qui fumera vivra.—”

“ Qui vit sans tabac, n'est pas digne de vivre.”—MOLIERE.

“ Teach me put dry grass, red hot in hollow white tick.”
Inkle and Yarico.

“ I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled.”
The Woodpecker.

VOLUME I.

IN this age of universal competition, the multitude struggling for notice or notoriety find all their merit and honest endeavours unavailing without advertisement. They must either chalk their walls, à la Warren, or advertise, if they wish to progress with the times. From a country curate's widow left with six small, helpless children, (the eldest only nine years of age,) to a patent razor-strop, all must put their miseries and excellences in print, in order to attract the notice of a benevolent and discerning public.

I am so confident in the truth of this proposition, that, notwithstanding the generally-acknowledged virtues of the hookah, the meerschaum, the chibouque, the calumet, the dhudeen, the cuttie, the “ yard of clay,” and the more primitive cigar, I am resolved to give them one and all a *puff*!

Whatever their various and several *attractions* may be, I am quite certain they will *draw*—for I have tried them all!—

“ Give me a cigar !”

Hem!—the residuum, the terminus, the ultimum of all worldly promises and prospects are almost invariably resolved into—smoke!

“Man never is, but always to be blest.”

Exempli gratiâ :—

1st. A man of the people—breathing the flames of patriotism, like a fire-eater—and talking to the independent electors of what he will do—is returned, when lo! the deluded “pot-wollopers” discover his promised efforts all end in smoke!

2nd. The worldly suitor, all sighs and protestations, addresses the wealthy relict of a defunct sugar-baker, and is “so sweet upon her” that she at last resigns her reluctant hand, and transferring herself and—her three per cents.—soon finds, to her sorrow, that the ardent affection of her “flame” has ended in smoke!

3rd. The valued friend of the family, who takes pot-luck with you three days out of the seven, imbibes your champagne and devours your choice viands, and squeezes your hand across the mahogany at the third bottle, energetically asseverating that he only wishes for an opportunity of verifying his ardent professions of esteem—when the bins and larder are empty, retreats, “more in sorrow than in anger” at your losses, in which he really sympathises, and you find, too late, that his boasted friendship ends in smoke!

4th. And *ad infinitum*—ditto—ditto!

VOLUME II.

LONDON has for centuries been called "smoky." How much more does she deserve the epithet in the present day, when not only the chimneys but the people smoke!

From the bog-trotter of the Emerald Isle, with his short dhudeen and his mouth full of "taith," to the West End exquisite, with his real Havannah, all contribute their quota to make the metropolis appear—like Laputa—in *nubibus*!

Boys were formerly accustomed to shave for an "early crop on lip and chin," that they might rank with men; but now-a-days they endeavour to attain the stamp and rank of virility by sporting a pipe or a cigar.

The raspberry puff is abandoned for the "puff direct," supplied in the shape of a penny Cuba, and every little Jack Horner becomes a—smoke-jack!

Delightful, deluding, and attractive weed of a thousand virtues! the dinnerless operative, or rather inoperative, being idle, lulls the sharp gnawings of hunger by a cozy whiff; the gourmand takes it as a peristaltic persuader, and finds it as efficient as Abernethy's.

The fat man takes it as a corrective of corpulency; the thin and sanguine one as a soother; the happy man as a recreation; the miserable as a solace; the medical student as a disinfecter, and generally in large doses, for he, poor fellow, is so much exposed; while the

ladies and gentlemen of that celebrated piscatorial bazaar in the East, called Billingsgate, take it medicinally to keep off the damps and fogs of early dawn, arising from its proximity to the river.



In fine, every one makes a plausible excuse for his indulgence in the pleasure he delights in. Indeed, fashion appears, like an old boatswain, to "*pipe* all hands."

We have not yet, however, quite attained to the glorious perfection of the Dutch and German professors of the art; for a Dutchman or a German, without his pipe, would be as great an anomaly as *Paul* without his *Virginia*!

Truly, these are *piring* times, my masters! There's Sir Edward, who smokes like a Vesuvius—an Etna—like a lime-kiln—like—anything!—and who really pipes to some tune. What volumes he sends forth!

—but not with a puff—they need it not. He is a baronet, and the fashionable world read him of course ; he is a scholar and a gentleman, and appreciated by all unbiassed critics ; he is a poet, and consequently never prosy.



East, West, North, and South, the custom has become prevalent, and the fragrant weed is in a rapid consumption.

The carpenter, quitting his bench, characteristically calls for a *screw* of tobacco.

The Jew, prohibited from pork, still indulges in —pigtail.

In most companies the pipe now circulates,—the New River company excepted—for, it is well known, that *they* have “laid down their pipes” for many years.

Nay, even the legislature lately gave an indirect

sanction to the practice, for 'tis not long since both Lords and Commons were seen—smoking! and so contagious is example, that even the grey and venerable Tower of London got up an imitation of the two Houses of Parliament—but which was generally allowed to be “consumedly bad!”



VOLUME III.

IF we require royal authority and example for smoking can we select one more ancient than the renowned King Cole, of pleasant memory? for the poet distinctly avers, that

“ He *called* for his pipe, and he *called* for his glass,
And he *called* for his fiddlers three.”

After such an assertion, can there exist a doubt that “ he had a call,” as Mawworm quaintly expresseth it,—nay, that he was born with a *caul*?

VOLUME IV.

THE lisping and loquacious Dr. Parr, who talked so much and did so little,—who, like a Jew’s harp, was about one-third tongue!—and whose “*jaw*” was extensive enough for the *mouth* of the Nile—this extraordinary man had such a perfect and loving estimation of the “holy herb,” that, although anxiously sought after by the fashionable world, it was a *sine quâ non*—a sort of Persian maxim with him—that he never accepted an invitation unless his pipe was included.

“ No pipe, no Parr,”

was his motto, and he inflexibly stuck to his text. Even the “first gentleman of the age,” George the

Fourth, then Prince Regent, when he invited the learned Doctor to Carlton House, considerably yielded to his guest's "passion," and had the requisite materials provided for him in a separate apartment.

VOLUME V.

YE loving smokers, and smoking lovers ! who indulge in the sweet vice, and would fain blow a cloud in the presence of ladies, at all hazards, and yet wish to meet "returns," mix a small portion of cascarilla bark with the fumiferous leaf, and fragrant odours will be evolved, that will infallibly prove agreeable to their olfactory nerves. This is a valuable hint !—Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it !

VOLUME VI.

TOBACCO, in the reign of the royal pedant, James, was sold for its weight in silver. (Is it not veritably worth its weight in gold ? O ye smokers !) But even now it is dear enough to be worth the smuggling, and it is smuggled to a vast extent, most disloyally insinuating itself into our sea-girt isle without paying its respects or its *duty* to the Sovereign. In proof of which, we often see in the public prints a notice of a seizure by the officials—who therein most aptly prove themselves tobacco-stoppers !

By the bye, the prettiest, the most delicate of

tobacco-stoppers was that *once* used by the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, who, in a fit of abstraction, actually seized the taper finger of a young lady, and unconsciously applied it to the glowing bowl !

VOLUME VII.

LADIES, who love your lords, do not repine at their addiction to the pipe ! Men who smoke seldom get into a passion ; it causes the most irritable to “ draw it mild ” ; it renders them, dear ladies, as smooth as a flat-iron does your muslin ’kerchiefs !



Even the ugliest Turk, with the most *harem-scarem* countenance in the world, becomes, as soon as his lips

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kiss the soft amber of his mind-soothing chibouque, as amiable and composed as a tortoise-shell Tom on a hearth-rug, purring a bass, to the tenor of a copper tea-kettle ! And the softest sighs may then waft him to and fro, and you will find him as yielding to your slightest breath as the cloud he blows.

VOLUME VIII.

IN Spain, the love of the Indian weed is so "leveling," that the lowliest tatterdemalion approaches a grandee of the first rank, and, presenting his cigar, asks him for a light ; for *the* man who smokes is considered equal to *any* man who smokes, and the proud Hidalgo,



still preserving all his dignity, promptly proffers the glowing tip of his best Havannah. How gracious is this sympathy in the high and mighty, which illuminates the low and humble, without losing a tittle of their dignity !

VOLUME IX.

THE rude and naughty Pan fell suddenly over head and ears in love with the pretty nymph Syrinx. She, alarmed at his amorous glances, ran off as fast as her legs would carry her ; while Pan "trotted along the road" after her, making such a terrible clatter with his worship's goat-legs, that the "light of his eyes," the tender object of his pursuit, not only changed colour but form too, being incontinently transformed, according to the best authority, to a reed.

Pan was inconsolable, until the bright idea crossed his brain of turning the reed into *pipes* ! And herein he not only found a solace for his woe, but derived great honour among all the clods, yokels, chawbacons, and rustics of the district. They sang rude hymns in his praise, and he became the great *Pan* of the dairy among them.

Honour be to the memory of the primitive pipe-maker !

VOLUME X.

THAT amiable and accomplished poet, Wiffen, entertained a great dislike of tobacco smoke. One day,

walking with a friend in earnest conversation, he alarmed by the sudden exhibition and presentation a cigar-case. If his companion had suddenly presented a pistol at him he could not have been so startled.

“ I—I—never smoke,” said the poet.

“ No !” exclaimed his friend ; “ and yet you *Wiffen*—always *Wiffen* !”

VOLUME XI.

HANDEL, once smoking a social pipe with a friend had been lost for about a quarter of an hour in cloudy reverie, when his deep voice was heard pronouncing the following bright commentary on a classical allegory :—

“ I ’ll dell you somting—just aroce in my prair
Dey zay de Coddess of Bleasure vos porn of the vo
of de zee ! Dis is drue ! Here is my bipe ! de d
and feritable meerschaum—de *écume de mer*—de vo
of de zee ! De boets vos right ! Bleasure is porn
de meerschaum !”

VOLUME XII.

KIND READER ! there is much *hidden* philosophy in this paper, if you have only the cunning to “ smc it ;” if not, the more’s the pity, for it will th

simply appear in your impenetrated mind as a mere
"bottle of smoke."



A FIG-TAIL PIECE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRINKING.



“ Si quelque jour étant ivre
La mort arrêtaït mes pas,
Je ne voudrais pas revivre
Après un si doux trépas :

Je m'en irais dans l'Averne
Faire enivrer Alec-ton,
Et bâtir une taverne
Dans le manoir de Pluton."

"Saufen Bier und Brantewein,
Schmeissen alle die Fensteren ein,
Ich bin liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich Leute—ah!"

"I can summon *spirits* from the vasty deep."

"Vivo bibere,
Bibo vivere!"

"A bumper for Sir William, the friend of the people."

"Wyn! o edele wyn,
Die al de pyn
En zorg, van my terstond verdwynen doet,
Wat geef je my een hart vol moed!
Een stoop twee, drie,
Maakt dat ik geen gevaar, hoe zwaar het is, ontzie,
Noch vliê."

"If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forbear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack."

BUMPER THE FIRST.

YE shades of Anacreon, Horace, and Captain Morris,
inspire my anserine plume!

Ye shades of Sheridan, George Frederick Cooke,
and Toby Philpot, infuse a spirit into my indelible ink!

Ye shades below (London Bridge) lend me a *stave*
from your many casks, wherewith to celebrate the vir-
tues of the vine!

Bacchus——

Gentle reader, if, elevated by my subject, I run on in a zig-zag fashion, and multiply one mile by three in my progress, pardon me ; for, although, like a comet, my course may be eccentric, it is the result of the liberal libations I have poured to qualify me for the onerous task I have undertaken. But then, like that comet, I have a *tale*, radiant as the sun, passed through a colander in bright and dazzling rays, which I will presently unfold with all the proverbial humility of a peacock !

Bacchus first introduced the vine into Italy, and, soon afterwards entering into partnership with Apollo, they laid their sapient heads together, and produced a liquor which speedily attracted the attention of a “discerning public,” and ultimately of the whole world.



The birth of rosy wine was hailed with the most enthusiastic delight; and old and young, rich and poor, alike saluted the ruby lips of the young bantling with the most affectionate ardour. Care, a wrinkled and bilious-visaged old dame, who rocked the cradle, fell fast asleep, was consequently discharged, and never again allowed to appear in the presence of the darling.

Like Mrs. Johnson's "American Soothing Syrup," wine proved not only "a real blessing to mothers," but their numerous offspring imbibed the fermented and exhilarating juice with a gusto that was surprising. In the process of time it was universally called the "milk of old men." Bald-headed philosophers, whose "*capillary* attractions" had slipped, like an avalanche of snow, from the summit of their erudite noddles, and now adorned their chins, waxed eloquent, their languid muscles being duly and daily lubricated with the loquacious liquor.

Long before the invention of spectacles, these far-seeing mortals discovered, that the transfusion of a certain quantum of the "blood of the grape" enabled them to see—double! Here was an advantage! and they consequently absorbed large quantities for the benefit of their fellow men. They sincerely believed that they had found the true "*pabulum animi*," and boldly became bibulous and—bottle-nosed.

But I fear that I am growing too poetical.

BUMPER THE SECOND.

How natural is the simple act—how simple the natural act—of drinking !

Before the glorious invention of wine, that one dissyllable alone was sufficient to convey the meaning of imbibing a certain measure of milk, or a “yard of pump-water;” but in these glorious days of “Hock and soda-water,” Lafitte, Château Margot, Champagne d’Ai, Burgundy, &c. &c. the very vocabulary is enlarged. *Exempli gratia* :—

DRINKING !

that is the root (how few are able to decline it !)

Boozing,	Topping,
Bibbing,	Lushing,
Fuddling,	Cracking a bottle,
Swilling,	Sucking the monkey,
Guzzling,	Sluicing the ivories, &c.
Tippling,	

And then, again, in those early days (so remote, that even “Early Purl Houses” were unknown) the meanest capacity understood that when a man had drunk his fill, he had “slaked his thirst,” and moistened his parched lips; there was then (O ye teetotalers !) no inebriation. Even had a man had the “fee simple” of a whole pump, he never made free with it, or was found lying under it, or attempting to “light his pipe at it.”

Now, in this age of rapid progression and “public

spirit," our philologists and lexicographers have a most enviable opportunity of enriching the language, by the addition of many words, of which the venerable "Drunk" is the patriarch and legitimate progenitor.

As thus : Drunk—

Bacchi plenus,
Sacrificing to the rosy god.

N.B. These two terms are generally kept stereotyped by the printers of the morning papers.

Fuddled,	Snuffy,
Muddled,	Overcome,
Elevated,	Top-heavy,
Merry,	Reeling,
Sunny,	Slewed,
Moony,	Wound up,
Maudlin,	Half seas over,
Muzzy,	Three sheets in the wind,
Spoony,	Groggy,
Funny,	Sewed up like a sand-bag,
Tipsy,	Losing his perpendicular,
Inebriated,	How came you so ?
'Tosticated,	Not able to see a hole in a ladder,
Queer,	Drunk as a fiddler's dog,
Overtaken,	Drunk as Davy's sow, and
Lushy,	"The worse for liquor,"

which last phrase is customarily used by the police, when they accidentally discover a genteel, well-dressed medical student, or a lawyer's articulated clerk,—both "honourable men,"—lying quite at home in a gutter, and poking his latch-key at the grating of the gully-hole, in the vain endeavour to "let himself in."

BUMPER THE THIRD.

How very rational and manifold are the reasons for drinking !

On a wet or a foggy morning a *goutte*, or *schnapps*, is taken medicinally to keep out the damp. On a sultry day in summer, a glass of cold brandy and water—is essentially necessary to supply the waste occasioned by evaporation, and to give a tone to the relaxed functions of the stomach. Many of the faculty prescribe it (homœopathically !).

And then, who would be such a churlish misanthrope, such a milksop, as to refuse a “social glass,” or to “hob-and-nob it,” with a friend? If low-spirited, what is so efficacious as a cheering cup? If elevated by the success of some enterprise or speculation, to “pour a libation” may be heathenish, but “it is a poor heart that never rejoices,” and, as the gay Frenchman sings,

“ Le bon vin,
Le matin,
Sortant de la tonne,
Vaut mieux que tout le Latin,
Qu'on enseigne en Sorbonne !”

When excited by good company to indulge a little too freely, and, practically working out the sage maxims, —“in for a penny, in for a pound,” and, “You may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,”—you experience the dizzy, disagreeable sensation of being “neither upon your head nor your heels,”—on the

following morning, depend upon it, there is nothing more calculated to brace the trembling nerves, and place you "*in statu quo*," than a small, a very, very small dose of "French cream," or Cognac, in your first cup of tea,—“A hair of the dog that bit you!” You must, however, be particularly cautious in the administration of the specific, or a quatrain of Grimaldi’s celebrated “Tippety-witchet” may, more painfully than pleasantly, recur to your memory :

“ This morning I rose early,
 My malady was such,
 In my tea I took brandy,
 And took a cup—too much ! ”

There is less cause for the limitation of the licence for drinking to bachelors than to married men, who should invariably be more steady, and the more especially as



it does sometimes occur, that the latter become pugnacious when the wine is in the ascendant. Bacchus then assumes a front that is very disagreeable to *ma's*!

Poor Tom Dibdin, a convivial, but always a sober, man, gives a delicate allusion to this propensity in the following toast: "May the man who has a good wife never be addicted to liquor (*lick her*)!"

Wine, mighty wine! exhilarates youth, and invigorates old age, thawing the life-current which the icy hand of time hath frozen, and making it undulate through the veins as pleasantly as the murmuring rivulet through flowery banks, decked by the delicate fingers of verdant spring!

BUMPER THE FOURTH.

O YE philosophers! who have so long been seeking to discover and determine whether the sun or the earth is in motion—drink! *Corpo di Bacco*! follow my example. When I have quaffed twenty glasses of the "molten ruby" I can *distinctly* see the earth turn round! What costly instruments have been invented to measure the "thick rotundity of the globe!" — Drink! — *In vino veritas*. How simple is *my* computation! I (involuntarily) stretch myself at length upon the earth, and measure it without compass, chain, or theodolite.

O ye ambitious men! what is the use of all your vain efforts to rise above your sphere? Nay, what senseless pride in the endeavour! for the cellar is not

above, but below ! Therefore, descend and drink ! Remember and reflect on the rusty old saw : “ When the wine is in, the wit is out,”—which indisputably means, that when you have taken a few deep potations the wit flows—comes out—a deduction as logical and “ plain as a pike-staff.” Then drink, and be wise ; abstain, and be—otherwise !

BUMPER THE FIFTH.

PIRON, the celebrated French poet, was once walking in the streets of Paris, when he observed a man who had lost both his legs (not in the service of Mars, but Bacchus), resting his back against the wall of a house, with his shoeless feet dabbling in the kennel.

“ Votre demeure ? on vous y porterait,”

said the poet.

“ Portez-moi donc au cabaret,”

replied the drunkard, making a rhyming couplet of the question and answer ; and, in truth, the “ cabaret” *was* the place where he ordinarily *lived*. Piron (himself a votary of the vine-crowned god) was so pleased with his apt reply, that he not only engaged a stout porter to pilot him to the next *cabaret*, but gave him an *écu* to drink his health.

A drunken man is, however, a *rara avis* in the gay metropolis of France ; in England, where gin-shops, those

“ Bright and glittering *palaces*, how beautiful !”

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with their brass and glass, and gas, allure the poor and miserable tatterdemalion to quaff the Lethean draught and drown his cares, they manage these things differently. The delights of drinking are therein more variously illustrated. How joyous is the twinkling eye of that short-gaitered dustman, with his flapped hat and flannel jacket, as, with a moistened lip, he discusses a "kevorten an' three houts" with his twopals!



They form a perfect picture, worthy of the truthful delineating pencil of Ostade. The sensations the

experience over their standing drink are almost racy enough to be envied by the *bon vivant*, who, with his rubicund visage, glances with the eye of a connoisseur at the slender glass of iced champagne, before he gulps the mantling juice, bubbling and creaming with carbonic acid gas. With what a smack his lips acknowledge the receipt !



Thrice happy is the man who is blessed with a good cellar ! he will never want a friend while he lives — in that style, or has a bottle to give him ! The rosy wine is as attractive to the friends of this sublunary world as flower-beds to the little busy bees ! In fine, *wine*, as Dermot O'Donnell says, is the only *oil* wherewith to trim the lamp of life to make it burn brightly to the last.

BUMPER THE SIXTH.

A BACCHANALIAN BOOZE.

" Persicos odi, puer, apparatus :
 Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ :
 Mitte sectari, rosa quò locorum
 Sera moretur.
 Simplici myrto nihil allabores
 Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum
 Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ
 Vite bibentem."

" I tell thee, boy, that I detest
 The grandeur of a Persian feast :
 Nor for me the linden's rind
 Shall the flowery chaplet bind :
 Then search not where the curious rose
 Beyond his season loitering grows ;
 But beneath the mantling vine,
 While I quaff the flowing wine,
 The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
 While you shall wait, and I carouse."

" —Sub umbrâ lusimus."

" He accordingly got up, and, going aside to his horses, returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pie half a yard long : and this is really no exaggeration ; for it contained a well-fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a wild goat, or a large kid, at least."

TWO-AND-THIRTY years ago (alas! 'tis so,) as the few straggling grey hairs on my polished noddle do too truthfully testify,—two-and-thirty years ago, in the autumn of the year—the mellow autumn,—that ingenious artist, Pallet, who only used water in the admixture of his colours, preferring good wine as a diluent for his inward man, invited me to a day's jaunt to the fair park of Greenwich, famed for deer, chestnuts, and wooden-legged warriors. The party was to consist of the mystical number of three, — Pallet, myself, and Spondee, a poet, who had written a work which was never reviewed, and remained unsold, — two circumstances which were attributed by the author and his friends to the decline of the public taste. Whatever the true cause might be, it was quite evident his lines were not cast in pleasant places, for he had not even the satisfaction of a nibble! That he was a scholar is certain; but whether he really possessed the bump of constructiveness large enough to build a cot, or “the lofty rhyme,” I know not, for I never perused his lucubrations.

Having arranged the time and place of meeting, and provided a rabbit-pie, we took our places in the dickey of a four-horse coach, (for then, I need hardly say, steam-boats and railways were not,) and soon arrived safely in the quiet little town. It was on a Saturday—the visitors were “few and far between,” and the park was a solitude. As we sauntered through the town, Pallet purchased three bottles of sherry,—

a very moderate quantity in those days, when three and even your six-bottle men were in vogue; and hock and Moselle, and the other wishy-washy Rhine wines were unknown. The bottles were duly packed for the pic-nic *al fresco*, when Pallet, espying a fishmonger's, suddenly parted company and, without saying a word, entered the piscatory emporium.

"By Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed Spondee, striking a poetical attitude, "our dauber of canvass has conceived a sudden affection for a lobster. For my part, I hate lobsters."

"Envy, sheer envy!" I replied.

"Envy?" cried he; "how mean you?"

"Because they are more favoured than your work for they are not only *red* but devoured with avidity."

"Bah! I hate a pun!" exclaimed Spondee, "I shall certainly cut thee."

"Then shall I deem myself more fortunate than your poem—for that will ever remain *uncut*."

"Oh, thou hydra-headed monster!" said Spondee "I'll write a satire upon thee."

"I cry you mercy! pray do not so unfriendly act; for, being fond of liberty, I tremble at the certain prospect of being *shelved*, and having my circulation stopped. Write upon sheepskin, or vellum, or anything but me!"

Pallet at this moment rejoined us, and stayed the current of Spondee's eloquence.

"What denizen of the sea have you been catering for, Pallet?" asked Spondee.

"You shall see—you shall see," replied Pallet; "such an unexpected treat! A bright idea—a ray of sunshine glanced suddenly across the landscape of my mind, which is worth its weight in gold. Come along."

Having entered the park, we trod with pleasure on the velvet green-sward as we loitered slowly beneath the protecting arms of the shady elms and chestnuts. Spondee's poetical, and Pallet's pictorial, rhapsodies burst spontaneously forth, and both delighted and amused me. Beneath a wide-spreading tree, in the most retired part of the park, Pallet halted.

"Here let us pitch our tent," exclaimed he.

"We have none, good Pallet," I replied. "Sherry is our only beverage."

"Hear him!" cried Spondee. "What a malady is he infected with! would that he had a neat's tongue in his head, that we might cure it."

"—With the attic salt of your own muse, Spondee?" said Pallet; "then would it keep for ever."

"A fair compliment," began Spondee, smiling.

"For," continued Pallet, "no one would touch it."

"Bah!" cried Spondee. "Ye are truly two of the veriest double-tongued rogues that ever spoiled the King's English. But, what have we here?" demanded he, observing a man approaching the chosen

sanctum. "Let me have no intruders; above : keep——"

"—Keep quiet," interrupted Pallet, "or you frighten the poor fellow into hysterics with your h trionics. It's the fishmonger's flunky. Come along my man."

The flannel-aproned fellow, with his scaly coa drawing near, we perceived he bore a pail in h hand.

"Strange!" said Spondee; "I did expect Pisc and behold Aquarius comes!"

Pallet rubbed his hands with delight, and direct the man to deposit his burthen on the shady side the tree. The luxurious Pallet had actually purchas a pail of ice for cooling the wine!

"Oh! thou Lucullus! thou Heliogabalus!" e claimed the poet, his eyes at the same time sparklin and kindling at the anticipation of the grateful draugh

The bottles were carefully deposited by the pra tised hand of the artist in the frigorific mixture of i and water.

"Now," said he, "while I book that umbrageo chestnut, and that pretty little bit of distance——"

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view interpolated the poet, *sotto voce*.

"Go, and perambulate the hill and dale of the roy demesne, and catch an appetite."

Pallet then drew out his sketch-book and pencil, an Spondee and I roamed about for half an hour. On ou return he had completed his studies from nature, an

was quite prepared to attack the pie. We soon unpacked, and spread our rural table; and oh! what a delightful feast we had in our “verdant *cœnaculum*!” as Spondee termed our retreat.

The first bottle—cool as the cut of a rich man to a poor acquaintance, but much more palatable,—the first bottle was discussed. Pallet became alternately moral, metaphysical, and mirthful,—and Spondee epigrammatic, joining heartily in the jokes we unsparingly cut at the expense of his neglected muse.

“Come, Spondee,” said Pallet, tapping the second bottle, “let us have a song; something original.”

“Shall I wake the echoes of this tranquil scene?” said he; and then, taking another glass, he commenced singing the following composition, with an excellent voice:—

“SONG.

“A man in his cups is a king;
 He laughs at all trouble and sorrow;
 The sun seems no shadow to fling,
 And he cares not a fig for to-morrow.
 Then let no one shrink,
 But fill up the wine-cup, and merrily drink, ha! ha!”

“A king in his cups is a man,
 Nor can he taste more of the pleasure;
 His will may replenish the can;
 He cannot drink more than his measure.
 Then let no one shrink,
 But fill up the wine-cup, and merrily drink, ha! ha!”

“Bravo!” cried Pallet.

“I would encore it,” said I; “but, really, Spondee, to hear that song but once is quite sufficient—to attract the universal applause of the auditors; there is a twist—a certain conceit (in the words, not the singer), and a simplicity (in the words, not the singer) that is admirable.”

“The praise of the judicious,” said Spondee, “is always as welcome as it is well-timed. But, come, Pallet, I call upon you; for you *can* sing.” And this was strictly true, for he not only possessed a fine voice, but was a good musician.

“What shall it be?” said Pallet; “something erotic, or bacchanalian? Let me see; I’ll give you the Latin canticle of Walter de Mapes—vinous and vigorous.”

“Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicunt cum venerint angelorum chori,
‘Deus sit propitius huic potatori;’

“Poculo accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna,
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ
Quam quod aquâ miscuit præsulis pinterna.

“Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos;
Me jejunos vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunos odi tanquam funus.

“ Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo ;
 Nihil possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo,
 Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos scribo,
 Nasonem post calices carmine prælibo.

“ Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur
 Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter benè satur :
 Cum in arce cerebri Bæchus dominatur,
 In me Phœbus irruit ac miranda fatur.”

“ Excellent !” cried Spondee ; “ and you have married the words to a most appropriate air. I know the verses well, and have ‘ done ’ them into English.”

“ Is it a literal translation, or a paraphrase ?” demanded Pallet.

“ Almost *verbatim*,” replied Spondee.

“ Then, of course,” said I, “ you begin with ‘ My eye ? ’ ”

Spondee laughed, and tuning, with another bumper, he commenced,

“ I am firmly resolved in a tavern to die ;
 Ply my lips, when I ’m dying, with gen’rous wine,
 That the angels, when coming around me, may cry,
 ‘ Great Jove ! to this tippler with favour incline.’

“ The wine-cup enkindles new light in the mind ;
 With nectar imbued, the heart heavenward shoots ;
 And the wine of the tavern is far, to my mind,
 ’Bove that which the Governor’s butler dilutes.

“ To each man his gift Nature kindly decrees :
 I never, while fasting, can eke out a stave ;
 Me, fasting, a boy may e’en vanquish with ease ;
 Thirst and fasting are hateful to me as the grave.

“ As the wine is I drink, so the verse I indite :
 Unless I 've fared well, I can nothing compose ;
 Nothing worth are the verses which fasting I write,
 But after a bumper they equal Naso's !

“ And the spirit of prophecy I ne'er attain
 Till my belly with feeding is satisfied quite ;
 But, when Bacchus triumphantly reigns in my brain,
 Then Phœbus shines forth with a wonderful light.”

We now began to wax very merry, and our interrogatories and replies became rather conflicting ; observation jostled against remark, and we made the place ring again with our laughter.

At length, Pallet tapped the third and last bottle, and then volunteered a song of his own composition by way of an appropriate finish, for the sun was fast declining. So, without farther prelude, he quaffed another glass, and sang the following words, calling upon us to join chorus :—

“ The lover may sigh for the smiles of the fair,
 The warrior burn for the laurel of fame,
 But there breathes not the beauty my heart can ensnare,—
 And glory, when won, is a profitless name.
 No ; Venus and Mars are ungrateful to all
 Who foolishly bend at their dazzling shrine ;
 Deep sighs and deep scars to their share only fall,
 While Bacchus, *my* idol, supplies me with wine !
 And I laugh,
 And I quaff,
 And drown all my cares in a goblet of wine !



“How pallid the lover!—how reckless his air,
If fickle the maiden, or should she but frown!
And the soldier, cut off in his brilliant career,
What boots it to him that he lives in renown?
No, give me the bloom that gay Bacchus bestows;
A crown of vine-leaves round my temples entwine;
I ’ll yield all the scars—even Venus’s rose—
While Bacchus, *my* idol, supplies me with wine;
And I ’ll laugh,
And I ’ll quaff,
And drown all my cares in a goblet of wine!”



THE PUMP AND THE SUCKER!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSIC.



THE TWO DOCTORS—

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

“ Il y a plaisir d'être son malade : et j'aimerais mieux mourir de ses remèdes, que de guérir de ceux d'un autre.”

“ Throw physic to the dogs.”

"The pharmacopœia is the primary book necessary to be studied by a young apprentice."—*LUCAS.*

"These animals are all very fond of *pulee*."—*Natural History.*

"S'GAN. Entendez-vous le Latin ?

GERONTE. Non.

S'GAN. *Deus sanctus ! estne oratio latinus ? etiam, oui. Quare ? Pourquoi ? Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi, numerum et casus !* Voilà, justement ce qui fait que votre fille est muette."

"Ο βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρά."

"Vita brevis, sed ars longa."

"Signor Dottore, non c'è che questa differenza fra di noi — mentre che voi spogliate un uomo di tutto ciò che possiede e poi lo uccidete ; noi lo uccidiamo prima e lo spogliamo dopo."—*The Brigand to the Doctor.*

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

"Your only thought of the *dead* must be — how to *bone 'em*."

DOSE THE FIRST.

WE think it essential to the right understanding of our views to commence by a few definitions.

"Doctor" and "physic" are two terms universally understood, and both too frequently misapplied. Now the less you take of the latter, the better for you ; and the more the former takes of you, the worse it will prove both for your body and your purse.

A "doctor" is a man dressed in black, with a *grave* countenance, (which is too often the forerunner of *death*,) who generally goes abroad armed with a stop-watch, a lancet, and, latterly, a stethoscope.

In the days of our youth he was wont to appear

in a cocked-hat, with an amber-headed cane, and a small muff for his hands; but, in these days of rapid progression and utilitarianism, there is considerably less personal pretension — outwardly — in the “medical adviser.”



Being licensed to cure or kill (as the case may be), his deeds are never investigated, or his (presumed) infallibility called into question.

If a man die under the infliction of his remedies, he is supposed by law to have fallen a victim to the malady. He had “the best of advice, poor fellow! but nothing could save him.” How consolatory is

this ! — and yet, if it were the 'custom to summon an inquest in such cases, and a *post-mortem* examination were to take place, how frequently and justly would an intelligent jury record a verdict of “ Died of — the Doctor ! ”

As Boileau writes to the nephew of a certain physician :—

“ Ton oncle, dis-tu, l'assassin,
M'a guéri d'une maladie ?
La preuve qu'il ne fut jamais mon médecin
C'est que—*je suis encore en vie !* ”

How many who handle the pestle and mortar are only fitted by genius and education to carry a hod and mortar !

DOSE THE SECOND.

“ Truly, I have found,” quoth Panurge, “ a great deal of good in the counsel of women, chiefly in that of the old wives amongst them.”

OLD women, especially among that invaluable class called nurses, are famous physicians,—that is, if we may judge by their verbal prescriptions, and the “ advice gratis” which they daily distribute to the afflicted.

Their potions, it is true, generally contain ingredients not to be found in the pharmacopœia ; but, being more palatable than the “ doctor's stuff,” they are consequently more popular.

Their confidence in their infallible remedies induces

them to dose their patients "right and left," (certainly not always *right*,) and, in their own peculiar circle, they are "most esteemed old women." And indeed there are many practitioners of the "old school" who are universally esteemed "old women," too, by the new school.

A PARENTHETICAL DIGRESSION.

Deeply impenetrated with the truth of the aphorism that "Whatever is useful ought to be generally known," we submit the following approved and celebrated "domestic medicines" to the notice of the afflicted:—

Anus loquuntur:—

A stick o' brimstone wore in the pocket is good for them as has cramps.

A loadstone put on the place where the pains is, is beautiful in the rheumatiz.

Cut off the legs of a mole and tie it on the buzzom, and you won't have no more fits.

When babbies is troubled with worms, the leastest drop o' gin give to 'em mornin's fastin' will — kill 'em!

Warts, if ever so bad, will go, if the spittle's used fastin' o' mornin's. (So, in consequence, if mothers *lick* their babbies every mornin' afore breakfast, it 'll be good for 'em!)

For a cold:—a basin o' water-gruel, with half a quartern o' old rum in it, or a quartern, if partic'lar bad, with lots o' brown sugar, going to bed.



If you've got the hiccups, pinch one of your wrists, and hold your breath while you count sixty,—or *get somebody to make you jump!*

If your nose bleeds, put the street-door key down your back.

If you have a cold in the head, and your nose is troublesome, and you want to get rid of it, rub the bridge with a morsel o' tallow.

The ear-ache. Put an ing'un in—your ear after it's well roasted.

Among the Laplanders, their "medical adviser" is a conjuror, who utters his charms and incantations in a jargon unintelligible to his patient. Even in our enlightened isle the physician writes down in hieroglyphics, with an air of mystery, certain little words, (inflicted with incurable CONTRACTIONS,) which are only to be deciphered by his confederate—the apothecary.

But, notwithstanding all this specious appearance of necromancy, we must candidly confess we have ever understood that *our* respectable M.D.'s are—no conjurors!

Disease is to the doctor, nine cases out of ten, a riddle, and *he* proves himself the best who has cunning enough to *guess* it. The glaring fault of which he is culpable is, that he will not "give it up" when he finds it puzzles him, but still goes on groping and blundering in the dark. To be sure he never will nor can allow that he is able to "make nothing of it;" for, if the party afflicted with the doctor—the disease,

we should say—have the “wherewithal,” the doctor is sure—to derive a great deal of benefit from his skilful applications, whatever contrary results may happen to the unfortunate sufferer.

DOSE THE THIRD.

“Whoever wishes to learn the business of a surgeon or apothecary, or both in one, should first consider whether he has talents, abilities, and learning to enable him to go through the duties of a laborious profession with credit to himself, and advantage to his fellow creatures.”—*Tirocinium Medicum*.

THE latter part of the above quotation would have been more appropriately written “with *advantage* to himself, and *credit* (twelve months, or more !) to his fellow-creatures ;” for that is, after all, the bull’s-eye of the target in which he must shoot his arrow, or rather stick his lancet.

A youth who has “walked the hospitals,” and spent “I don’t know how much” in cigars and “cold with-out,” must, according to the canon of the first law of nature, self-preservation, begin to “look about him” as soon as the painful process of “trituration,” or “grinding,” has enabled him to pass his examination.

He must take care not to let friends or relatives “steal a prescription,” but charge them all. As for friendship and love, they are poetical fancies that he ought to root out of his brain (if he have any) as speedily as possible. A “Temple to Friendship, &c,” and a “Temple to Love,” are sheer nonsense ; and al

these affections of the nervous system ought to be eradicated, — they stand in the way of business.

“*Admoveantur hirudines ij. tempori utrique*,” — apply two leeches to each *temple*, — which is tantamount to saying, “*Fiat venæsectio*,” — bleed 'em! And if a man cannot bleed his friend or his relative, whom ought he to bleed?

When just commencing business, he should be very accommodating, — (accept invitations or presents; in fact, accept anything but bills) — and, as he must have wine to offer his genteel visitors, he will of course, in return for *his* bottles, take, *pro re nata*, occasionally, a dozen or two of wine of any patient who is *in sero lactis vinoso* — in the wine way!

Should he be invited by any respectable family to a party, which his rank and profession entitle him to expect, he must be particularly circumspect in his conduct and conversation.

If he has the voice of a Lablache, he ought not to sing, or he may be considered “*vox et preterea nihil*.”

If he can dance, he must refrain from the temptations of Terpsichore. The gallopade and the gallipot are the antipodes of each other.

If he play the flute, (according to the fellows of Guy's, like a Nicholson or a Drouet,) let him not attempt even an accompaniment to the piano, or it may be uncharitably supposed he is better acquainted with the scales of music than the shop scales, and he will run the risk of being weighed accordingly in the opinion of his audience. Do not, therefore, let him blow the flute, lest he be blown upon.

In fine, all these accomplishments are unbecoming the gravity of his profession, and will lower him in the estimation of his patients, or to be patients.

In conversation, he may be polite and gentlemanly, courteous, cool, and collected, and even be permitted to aspire as high as the complimentary.

He may take a hand at cards, if his circumstances will permit him to lose, or, on the other hand, if he be an adept. In respect of his gratuitous morning visitors, let him pay every attention.

To the old women, in particular, let him show a marked civility. There is many a medical man who owes his carriage to the good report of old women. It is really wonderful how very favourably they take the virus of flattery, when inoculated by a skilful operator. They are peripatetic advertisements, and frequently recommend the "nice young man" to a respectable family.

In first accouchements, their recommendation as nurses goes an immense way.

"Nil sine labore—et labor ipse voluptas ;"

therefore let him take care to give the said nurses the customary shillings out of the guineas, if he is fortunate enough to touch that coin in the plural, and *repetatur* (repeat the dose), if necessary. As old Dr. L. was wont to observe, "I have almost invariably reaped guineas for the shillings I have sown in that way."

If all his "talents, abilities, and learning" should



fail to procure him bread in the profession to which he is bred, he must have recourse to the desperate act of advertising,—the *dernier ressort* of a doctor in despair. We do not mean the insertion of a three-shilling-and-sixpenny paragraph in the columns of the “Times” or “Post,” commencing “Wanted patients,” &c.—that would be *infra dig.*: for, although he may be “out of *patience*,” he must not publish his case to a discerning public, who will indubitably attribute his lamentable condition rather to a want of skill than to the true cause. No; he must take up the well-worn stump of his goose-quill, and write or compile a book! The subject must be one of general importance:—“Podagra,” “Strabismus,” or some nervous disorder, (the nerves are the strings which are played upon the most effectively (lucratively) by the profession,) or, “Diseases incident to,” &c., &c.

Let him adorn the title-page (gild the pill, as it were) with some apt quotation from Paracelsus, Hippocrates, or Galen; or snatch a pearl of the kind from somebody else’s book, who has had the trouble of diving for it in the ocean of somebody else’s nonsense. Affix “Member of the Royal College of Surgeons,” at full length, after the name, and dedicate the precious composition to some leading member of the profession, with or without permission,—which latter is most likely to be the case,—for they generally “smoke” the affair; experience has couched their eyes, and they “see through it;” but with the public the “thing” takes admirably; especially if he append some remark-

able cases, and explain the treatment and cure with due precision, which he may readily acquire from some of the clinicals.

If he do not feel quite "up" in his English composition, he may get it corrected by some poor devil of a schoolmaster, in return for a few boxes of *unguentum citrinum*, gratuitously presented in cases of "*tinca capitis*," which *will* get into the boys' heads when nothing else will.

Two hundred and fifty copies, printed in five editions of fifty each, will go a great way, (like cantharides, spread thinly,) and perhaps *draw*!

This "trick of the trade" sometimes proves an excellent hit; and, with hypochondriacs particularly, it is very often like fly-fishing; for they actually spring out of their element, and are caught by (not the hook but) the book.

They buy the book: there comes immediate profit. They find a case described so "exactly similar" to their own, that they are actually in a fever till they have consulted the talented author. *That* fee is the first dot of the line: it only remains for the practitioner to continue it. In some maladies there is really no seeing the end of it. For gout, rheumatism, &c. &c., are really gregarious; sympathy brings the sufferers together, as if, by making a sort of joint-stock of their ailments, they imagined they derived some alleviation of their disorders; volubly communicating the diagnostics, symptoms, &c., of their maladies, opposing their labial complaints against their corporeal; and thus endeavouring, by a kind of counter-

irritation, to procure relief, — according to the most approved principles of the celebrated St. John Long; who played a *rubber* in the game of life, and dealt so adroitly that he always won.



TWO PUMPS CONSULTING.

DOSE THE FOURTH.

“ Nous autres grands médecins, nous connoissons d'abord les choses.”

A PHYSICIAN—an M.D.—whether by favour of *the* College, or a German diploma, which, like *the* sausages, may be purchased by the pound (sterling) from

the University of H——, or B——, or any other medico-factory, — a physician must have a respectable domicile, (he *should* have a carriage, and a servant in livery,) credit with his tailor, suavity and gravity in equal parts, and a BRASS PLATE on the door. Thus fitted, he may catch a guinea now and then ; but the *gratis* line *pays* extraordinarily well, if he be an adept.

A young beginner must *do* something, or somebody ; for, unless he has the digestive organs of a chameleon, the twenty-one parts of oxygen and seventy-nine of nitrogen composing the “air we breathe” will not support the disciple of Hippocrates.

But we were about to give a few hints concerning the gratuitous. Now, this is a “trick,” by which, if he can play his cards prudently, he is sure of turning up trumps ; in fact, he has the game in his hands. Like many other tricks, however, this requires a clever confederate ; and, for this purpose, he must select an intelligent chemist, to whom he must refer his grateful patients for the preparation of his prescriptions — all marked with the precautionary N. T. S. N.* Of course, “there is a peculiar drug or a preparation in the prescription which is only to be obtained genuine at Mr. What’s-his-name’s shop?”

The patient makes a bow or a curtsy (masculine or feminine, as the gender may be), and is “so obleeged” to the kind-hearted, benevolent, philanthropic doctor, and straightway posts to the confederate, who charges “according to agreement,” having to divide the profits

* “Ne tradas sine nummo.” — “Do not deliver the medicine without the money.”

with the physician, at the moderate rate of ten shillings in the pound, still reserving to himself a handsome profit, as drugs and chemicals cost "next to nothing":—*ex. gr.* :

R. Antim. Tart. gr. iv.

Syrupi Rhæados, 3j.

Aquæ Puræ, 3vj. Capt. 3j. ter quotidie ;

for which he charges two shillings, yielding a clear profit of one shilling and ten-pence, which, after deducting fifty per cent., leaves a balance of eleven-pence.

A man may do an excellent stroke of business in this way in a populous neighbourhood, not only feathering his nest (with the down of the geese he humanely plucks without the least pain, none of them being sensible—of the depuration), but obtaining, at the same time, a name for his disinterested philanthropy.



DOSE THE FIFTH.

IF he find all his acquirements are likely to lie hid and be neglected, — which is too frequently the case with those whose modesty equals their capability, — the young doctor must blow the trumpet and beat the drum, after the fashion of the mountebanks and traveling quacks of old.



In order to do this effectually, he must cut the general and approved practice of the faculty, and start some absurd system of curing certain diseases incident to the human frame, and let the world into the secret of his local habitation and his name through the medium of a public lecture.

If he have no genius for invention, let him import some German humbug of the first quality : such as

Homœopathy, or the pea-and-thimble rig ; or,

Hydropathy, or water-witchery ; or,

Mesmerism, the great attraction of the present season ; or anything else with the mystic terminals, *pathy* or *ism* : the more ridiculous the better.

“ Lorsque le médecin fait rire le malade, c'est le meilleur signe du monde.”

Strabismus, for instance, may catch the *cross-eye* of many, and make them—*smile* ; or, Orthopedia may cause the *lame* to—*halt* !

At all events “ *en avant* ” must be his motto ; neck or nothing,—the doctors (the *PILLERS* of the *Constitution* !) “ *must* live,” although (as a cynical magistrate once said to an impostor when he expressed the same sentiment) “ we do not see the *necessity* of it ! ”



“A sure application when the cold is severe.”

DOSE THE SIXTH.

PRESCRIPTIO. AD MEDICUM FORMANDUM.

- R. SAPONIS mollis—libram unam.
 Æris alieni—quantum ex amicis suis procurandum sit.
 Conscientiæ (*tela elastica*)—scrupulum, si opus erit.
 Manus muliebris—tactum eruditum.
 Cor-dum leonis—unum.
 Lynceorum oculorum—duos *rectos*, si sic possit et rectè a
 nummos conspicientes.

Confectionis Latinæ linguæ (vulgo caninæ)—granulum.

Curriculum cum aurigario vel *tigre*—pro *vehiculo*.

Hæc in ordinem cautè et callidè redigenda sunt et fiunt remediatorum cuique remedium dulce decorum efficaxque.

PREScription. TO MAKE A FORMIDABLE DOCTOR.

Take of soft soap—one pound.

“Tin,” *alias* cash—as much as he can procure from his friends.

Conscience (gum elastic)—a scruple, if needful.

A blue-stockings’s hand.

A lion’s heart—one.

Of lynx’s eyes—two *sharp* ones ; if possible looking *straight* at the “*blunt*.”

A mouthful of mixed Latin (vulgarly called Dog-Latin).

A “pill-box,” or chaise, with a coachman, or a tiger—for a vehicle.

These are to be cunningly and cautiously combined, and will benefit the doctor, if not the patient.

DOSE THE SEVENTH.

COURTEOUS READER!—We are well aware that, after all we have so cleverly described and proscribed, you will still seek as eagerly as ever the prescription of the “gentleman in black.”

The uninitiated, who, in the belief, that they have a genius for galenicals, are fond of dosing, may dose themselves ; or, if they must dabble in “doctoring” others, let them limit their practice to the sick, and leave the *well* alone, or—they may “kick the *bucket*.”

Physic is the luxury of the rich. The artificial life they lead requires all the aid of tonics, stimulants, and

narcotics, to make that life worth ; their maladies are commonly the result of *malice prepense*. With the poor, accident, or the dietary which sharp necessity and lean misery (two poor-devil guardians !) dole out with the concentrated stinginess of twenty step-mothers is the primary cause of disease. There is, however, one favourable feature in the position of the latter,—they rarely get more than they require either of food or physic.

The rich almost invariably suffer from the superabundance of both. But all the world is more or less fond of being “doctored.” Why? Credulity is the offspring of Ignorance, and the prey of Cunning, and—

“Surely the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat.”



“When taken to be well shaken.”

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MONEY.



“ Argent ! argent ! sans toi tout est stérile ;
La vertu sans argent ne’est qu’un meuble inutile.”

“ Chi hà quattrini hà amici.”

דַּבָּסָר יַעֲבֹה אֶת הַבֵּל :

קחלת.

“ Dinero, llama, dinero.”

“ Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für Gold ;
Es ist ein schönes Ding das Gold.”

"They say that 'Knowledge is Power': I used to think so; but I now know that they meant '*money!*' and when Socrates declared 'that all he knew was that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world."—BYRON.

NOTE THE FIRST.

MONEY, *alias* cash, *Scotticè* siller, *vulgo* tin, blunt, the mopusses, the shiners, the stuff, the dibs, the ready, under any or all of these various names, is indisputably—*capital!*

Possessed of it, vulgar pretension and stupidity become the objects of adulation, admiration, adoration; while wit, learning, and integrity, in the absence of it, are shunned and avoided—teetotally "cut,"—get the "cold shoulder" in the public way, and the "brown loaf" at the private board. It is universally acknowledged that "poverty is no sin," neither is the plague; but the "worldly wise" cautiously shrink from the contagion of both.

Still, paradoxical as it may appear, the poor have many friends, but the rich have none. For the rich, the proud, and the ostentatious, give that which they need not for that which they most desire—money for notoriety. Many indeed bestow their benefactions for the sake of the publicity which their pseudo-charity obtains. The rich have no friends—no; they are no more loved than the gay flowers are by the bees, although they are as eagerly sought after in the sunshine of prosperity for—the good that may be extracted

from them, and, unless worth be joined with wealth, such will ever be the case. Let the poor man, then, rejoice that he at least is treated with solid sincerity, while the rich man is eternally fed with the moonshine of flattery, although both prove as unsatisfactory as the dietary awarded to Tantalus.

Money is, in fine, the realisation of the imaginary lever of Archimedes; the world (that is, *our* world, comprising the commercial, political, shop-keeping, money-grubbing, calculating, paltry pounds-shillings-and-pence people) is readily depressed or elevated by its action. Their loyalty is even selfish. We remember how aptly poor Tom Dibdin combined these two feelings in a toast which he once gave with great applause at a public dinner: "May the man who supports his sovereign, never want a sovereign to support himself!"

NOTE THE SECOND.

THE ways of attaining money are so various, so trodden, and so macadamised, that the goal may be reached by the "meanest of mankind;" and he must be either an arrant fool, or—a very honest man, who remains poor.

Alchymy has been scoffed at and ridiculed as a bubble of the brain. Now, this sneering contempt is the offspring of pure ignorance or disappointed ambition. That which incompetency and want of skill are unable to obtain is decried and despised; the true secret has never been divulged by the adepts. But in

this liberal and enlightened age we should be ashamed, nay, we should hold ourselves criminal, to conceal any knowledge we have acquired that may be turned to the advantage of our fellow-labourers.

WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE TRUE SECRET, and we will freely impart it. All those furnace and blow-pipe moles in human shapes, velvet-capped and barnacled, who have worked in smoke and obscurity, have truly laboured in the dark. All their manipulations have been made with the "noble" metals; their experiments have ultimately ended in smoke; while the poor alchymists have only got—the *vapours*!

Besides, they are or were mean, covetous, grasping, illiberal men, who sought not the good of their kind, but their own individual profit; and right pleasant is it in our "mind's eye" to observe the gradual evaporation of their ingots!

Reader! they were on the wrong scent; nay, they were totally ignorant of the appropriate bait for the fish for which they so patiently angled. Truly, they might as well have fished for red-herrings with a toast-fork. But we will no longer keep you in suspense. We have, we must confess, a sort of feminine incontinency of secrets.

The alchymists were wont to use the *noble* metals as a *base*. We, on the contrary, know that a base metal, or rather a compound of base metals, is the egg from which the golden pheasant is hatched,—the popular name of it is —.

Really the great, the paramount importance of what we are about to divulge, affects our lingual muscles to

that degree that we should inevitably stutter in the delivery, were it not a simple monosyllable,—or had we not the favourable facility of communicating through a goose-quill, — grateful, or to-be-grateful reader, it is—



BRASS!

NOTE THE THIRD.

WE venture to offer a few maxims, with a running commentary, for the encouragement and edification of the money-grubbing youth—the sum of whose existence is one of addition or multiplication.

“ A penny saved is a penny got.”

This is a particularly pretty phrase; sounding very like the monitory voice of Economy, or the shrill treble of her starched, old maiden sister, Prudence. It is no such thing. It is the voice of hypocritical cant,—a trite saying of the family of the Skinflints, and is practically worked out in every bargain where a poor dealer is compelled to sell to a purchaser with a long purse and a short allowance of conscience; and is jocosely described by the narrow-minded save-alls as “putting on the screw.”

As they continually grow more hardened, and there is no hope of their becoming *penitent*, we heartily wish these “penny-getters” may obtain gratuitous apartments in the Penitentiary, as narrow and ill-furnished as their own minds.

“*Penny and penny laid up make many*”

is a mere fact of simple addition; and the rusty old saw wherewith the young miser commences to cut a figure in the world, picking up pence, as magpies do silver spoons, for the sole pleasure of hiding them in holes and corners—a monomania, or rather, a money-mania, which is incurable. These men heap dunghills, but never scatter the manure over the land, (although no class of men look more after the *till*,) being notoriously tenacious of “forking out.”

When the renowned Harvey was investigating the ebb and flow of the ruby tide of life, had he been surrounded by such bloodless flints as these, he would never have discovered the “circulation,”—for your

veritable high-dried miser effectually dams the current of what monetary writers term the "circulating medium." But why offer pomegranates to the lips of a statue? Unavailing are the words of the wise breathed in the ears of those who are wilfully deaf as adders. The evil bears its own punishment; for the "*auri sacra fames*,"—the accursed thirst for gold—is insatiable and unquenchable.

NOTE THE FOURTH.

"Ma poche est un trésor; sous mes précieuses mains le cuivre devient or."—*Nouveau Comus*.

"Money makes the mare to go."

YOUNG men love maids, and old men money. Unfortunately, it must be confessed, however humiliating to our philosophic spirit, that money is essentially a necessary of life in this "nation of shopkeepers,"—as Napoleon sneeringly designated us. A great man was he; but not a "finished gentleman," nor a "*sovereign*"



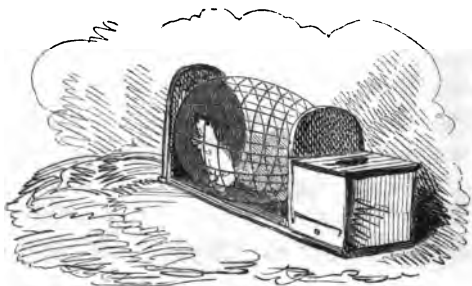
"Here's change for a sovereign."

either, until the “milling” he got from Wellington, which certainly “finished” him; although, strange to say, it effectually “clipped his currency.”

But, *revenons à nos moutons*,—money is essentially a necessary of life. Now, there are four ways of obtaining it:—

YOU MAY BEG IT;

but, without you are an adept, this is very difficult; and then, again, there is that prying, impertinent Society, called the Mendicity, with its Argus eyes, and spies that will, perchance, pounce upon you, and carry you off, even as the relentless eagle does the new-born lamb, and, *presto!* you (the destitute father of six small children, and a helpless mother, who has been confined to her bed with “anything,”—“I don’t know how long”) find yourself in full work upon the “wheel,” which continually and practically solaces you with the philanthropic reflection that “*one good turn deserves another!*”



YOU MAY BORROW IT.

THIS is very innocent; but they are doubly innocent who make advances; and, besides, the "lenders" are a very small body,—so small, indeed, that "one trial will prove the fact," as the patent medicine venders phrase it. Among relatives, especially, you will find a great difficulty in obtaining or extracting the "needful;" they are generally nervously tenacious of being "cozened." Therefore, "try it on" with strangers; for, it frequently *does* happen, the less you are known the better!

A poor cousin of a very opulent merchant stood cooling his heels in the outer office for two long hours, when at length he was admitted. His distress, by the way, *was* genuine.

"Well, sir, what is it?" said the rich man fiercely.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, sir. I am really in great difficulty."

"No long stories. What do you want? Come, to the point," and he impatiently drew out his gold chronometer.

"A fortnight's rent is unpaid,—my wife is ill—very ill,—and they threaten to turn us into the street."

"Well?"

"A trifle, sir, would ——"

"Psha! I've nothing to give: I have too many claims upon me already. I beg you will not trouble

yourself to call here again. I hate poor people. Work, sir, work. I cannot waste more time. I am going to 'Change."

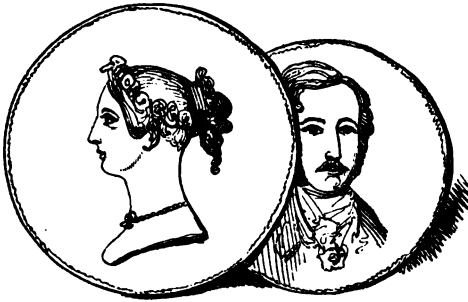
"The sooner the better," replied the applicant; and, casting a withering look of indignation at his opulent cousin, he rushed into the street. He was a wit—a poor wit. His cousin was a fool, but a rich fool.

You may sometimes do a little in I O U.'s and notes of hand, but the worst of it is, that the debts you contract in this way render you liable, and creditors will cruelly put you in that awkward position which, at one tap, makes yourself and your circumstances on a par—being both confined; and, the probability is, you may grow considerably *less* before you are *enlarged*.

YOU MAY STEAL IT.

HOLD! "who steals my purse steals trash" is very pretty in Shakspeare, but you will find it very differently expressed and interpreted in Burn's Justice!

"Necessity has no law," too, you will discover, a mere legal fiction; for your "necessity" will find more "law" than you desire. Therefore, in the name of handcuffs and fetters, reflect, and suspend your operations in this line, lest *you* be suspended in another line.



A SOVEREIGN AND A HALF-SOVEREIGN.

YOU MAY EARN IT;

that is, if you can obtain employment for your talents. Should those talents be of the *Doric* order, and you are a pig-headed, persevering plodder, with no more brains than is necessary for filling up the small vacuum left by Nature in your thick skull, you are very likely to bore your way into something; but, if they are of the *Corinthian* or *Composite* order, and you are by birth and education a polished gentleman, full of wit, learning, and intelligence, you will have to fight for it; being too delicate to do "all work," and too nice in your distinctions to do "anything." This is *infra dig.*: and that you have too much spirit to condescend to; and the probability is, that you will see old *Doric* (a cheesemonger, or a tallow-chandler) shovelling up the "filthy lucre," and perhaps becoming a mayor,

and a knight, or a baronet ; in fine, a man with money may become anything—but the situation in which it has accidentally placed him ! Meanwhile you look on, with your taper fingers in the pennyless pockets of your seedy suit, and appear very like an ass in a pound ; albeit a pound is the last thing you will find, if you go astray ; for, though you do look like an ass, the world will be too polite, in this instance, to take you for one, and so considerably let you wander free—without the pound !



HE GETS VERY LITTLE IN THE POUND.

NOTE THE FIFTH.

IF you have neither wit, wisdom, nor virtue, "put money in thy purse," and you shall straightway become the "observed of all observers." Lean wits will court your favour, and praise and laugh (the rogues, oh ! how they will laugh !) at all you utter ! Wise men will duck their sapient heads, and cast the pearls of their mental treasures before their porcine entertainer. The virtuous will seek you for the power you possess of doing good, in the earnest hopes of "coining" the means into the inclination. What, though the true cause of this adulation be anything but flattering—blink it !—gild the bitter pill with self-esteem, and gulp it. The mere contact of true worth is something, for, like the loadstone, it invariably imparts at least a portion of its virtue by contact and friction.

"For who the devil doth not know
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces, which we mental call ?
Beggars, in every age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by situation ;
The rich and great are understood
To be, of course, both wise and good ! " *

At all events, while entertaining wit, wisdom, or virtue, at your hospitable board, you will have the consolation of knowing that, however "*erroneously*" you have acquired your wealth, the world cannot have any just cause to assert

Malè parta, malè dilabuntur.

* Churchill's Ghost.

TRADE is a very legitimate mode. It consists in buying at one price and selling at another. Of tradesmen there are two kinds, who both observe this rule, with a difference. For example: one buys his wares and sells them at a profit; while the other sells them at a loss, and yet, strange to say, is generally the most thriving man of the two! getting rapidly rich in spite of bankruptcies, while the former only becomes "respectable, and pays his way." One, in fact, hatches his chickens by the old and tedious, though natural, mode of incubation,—the other by steam!

NOTE THE SIXTH.

"Dineros y no consejos."

THE cunning inhabitants of Domfront, in Normandy, say, "*Nous ne te demandons point de nous donner de l'or; mais place nous dans un lieu où il y en a!*"

Now the Frenchman is a very witty, mercurial, light-heeled gentleman, and is, we must acknowledge, *the dancer and the cook, par excellence*; but then we cannot yield the palm to him in money-getting, while there are such beings in existence as the Irishman, the Scotchman, and the German.

In this free and enlightened country they are all admitted without duty; for there is no tariff in which the commodities they usually bring are enumerated.

—The Frenchman, in ordinary cases, importing nothing more than *politesse* and boasting.

The Irishman—the “broth of a boy”—the “loved of all the ladies”—has a *stock*—

(“I hold him rich, al’ had he not a *shirt*,”)

—of impudence and blarney.

The Scotchman—pride—(of the right sort, being founded not upon self-esteem, but self-respect)—and an inexhaustible stock of perseverance.

The German has many points in common with the Scotchman; but, unfortunately, he is more devoted to the metaphysical than the mathematical, the visionary than the substantial, and has, therefore, almost always a whim, a crotchet, or a mystery, in his otherwise clever brain, that frequently stands in the way of his promotion:—

“I haf a broject vitch sall zurbrise de vorld,—bot it ’s a zegret. Ven I vill gommunicate it, you sall be asdonished—zo zimple, you sall vonder as it nefer endeder beople’s prains!” As he rarely can find any one to “buy a pig in a poke,” and he refuses to go the “whole hog” by imparting his “zegret,” he eventually drops down from his elevation into a vender or mender of wooden clocks; for he is naturally an honest man, and abhors both poverty and crime.

The Frenchman turns cook, or dancing-master, or a teacher of languages; and, although he is probably a provincial, and neither his grammar nor pronunciation accords with the rules of the Academy, or the purity of

the Parisian, he boldly assumes the title of a Professor of the French,—and if he has been in the imperial army, and travelled,—the Italian, and Spanish languages,—and he gets money. As for his accent, which renders his “method” very like “teaching English with an Irish brogue,” he cannot help that, and English ears are not likely to detect or discriminate; and he may truly say with the Gascon, when he had been stripped of all his personal property by brigands, “*Jé né gardé qué mon accent qu’on n’a pas pu mé prendre!*”

The Irishman, who is a “born gentleman,” despises drudgery, as he terms everything that requires a steady application, and turns his undeniable talents to reporting for the press, or—marries an heiress.

The Scotchman thinks nothing beneath his dignity that is honest; and boldly and confidently places his foot on the lowest roundel of the ladder of promotion, relying upon his zeal and ability to enable him to reach the top,—which is almost infallibly the case; for he is cool and collected, and never misses the opportunity, for which he is continually on the watch, to push his interest.

If he engages with a firm, however wealthy, even as a junior clerk, he merely regards it as the preliminary to a partnership, and his ambition, ably seconded by his ability, is frequently rewarded by the attainment of his object.

NOTE THE SEVENTH.

THERE are two particular classes in the money-market who deserve especial notice,—the borrowers and the lenders.

First in the throng is the licensed lender, affectionately termed by the grateful borrowers "*uncle*," whose armorial bearings are Three Balls *or*, with the motto (understood) "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*;" for he never advances except on the deposit of a valuable security, in the tangible and convertible shape of plate, linen, wearing apparel, or other personal property, for which he delivers a memorandum written on a miserable specimen of pasteboard, two inches by one and a half inch square, termed a "duplicate," charging the moderate interest of twenty per cent. Truly he ought to be an excellent chess-player; for no one knows the value of a *pawn* better than "mine uncle."

From a flat to a flat-iron, he "takes in" everything.

Only fancy a literary man "*pledging*" Anacreon, or "*spouting*" Cicero!—or an old woman "raising the wind" upon a pair of bellows!

Then there are borrowers, whose real and personal estate it would puzzle the magniloquent and magnifying Robins to catalogue, who condescendingly communicate their need to a friend, abducting a certain portion of superfluous coin in the most off-hand manner imaginable, as if they were actually conferring a favour.

But, although these, "metallic tractors," or rather *subtractors*, appear always quite "at home," they are invariably "found out" when their too easy friends "make a *call* upon them."

The lenders, of course, are numerous, or it would be impossible for the borrowers to live; and, notwithstanding the vocation requires the utmost circumspection, is fraught with danger, and bristling with the thorns of anxiety, it is well known that most of these pecuniary purveyors—really take a *great interest* in lending!

With some, indeed, it becomes a perfect passion; and, mixing as they do with men of no *principal*, they frequently abandon their own and are ruined, while the chorus of the ungrateful and designing borrowers is more curious than classic in its strain.

"The old fellow's 'done brown,'" says A.

"I always thought him 'green,'" adds B.

"He looks 'blue,' at any rate, now," chimes in C.

"He's a 'grey' old badger," declares D.

"He's an extortionate old hunk," ejaculates E.

"I once borrowed a cool hundred pounds of him, and he actually deducted twenty-five pounds for interest and commission."

"Shocking!" cries A indignantly.

"Did you repay the hundred pounds?" inquires B, with a dubious leer.

"Repay!" replies E; "certainly not. Why, I should have considered such an act a downright encouragement to usury. No, sir, I have more respect for the 'moral' of society."

And so the too-accommodating lender drops; and,

whether he really coincides with A, B, C, and D, and believes he is actually "done brown," and has assumed the hues of "green," "blue," and "grey," and is ashamed to appear such a parti-coloured monster in the eyes of the world, or for some more cogent reason, certain it is he has recourse to the efficacious remedy of "whitewashing."

The advertising borrowers, the C. D. (query *seedy*) and Y. Z. (query *wise-head*) do the thing in a more business-like manner; as for example:—

"Five pounds will be given for the loan of fifty pounds for three months. Undeniable security and references if required. No money-lenders need apply. Address C. D." &c.

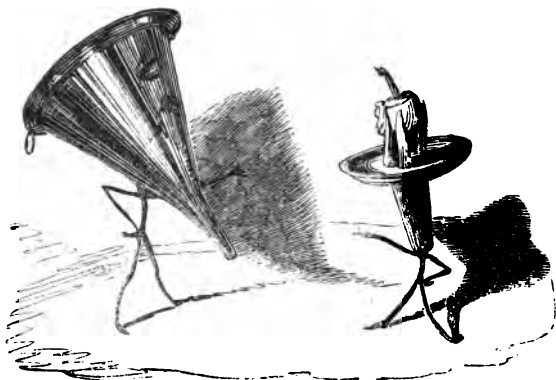
Five pounds for three months! This bait is eagerly devoured by some retired tradesman, who is probably discontented with the paltry three-per-cents., the produce of his savings invested in the Bank.

He seeks an interview with C. D., confesses candidly he is "not in the habit of doing these things," and asks as a favour to see the securities. C. D. forthwith produces a cash-box, and displays some old leases, (already assigned, or long since expired,) and a number of shares in the Pengully Mines, situated somewhere in Cornwall, which (he gratuitously informs the small capitalist) are, according to the last annual report, expected to produce "lots of tin," although at present they are at a discount in the market, owing to something or somebody.

Then, as to the promised references, he can give some of the first names in the city, but confesses it is rather a ticklish affair, and might affect his credit (?)

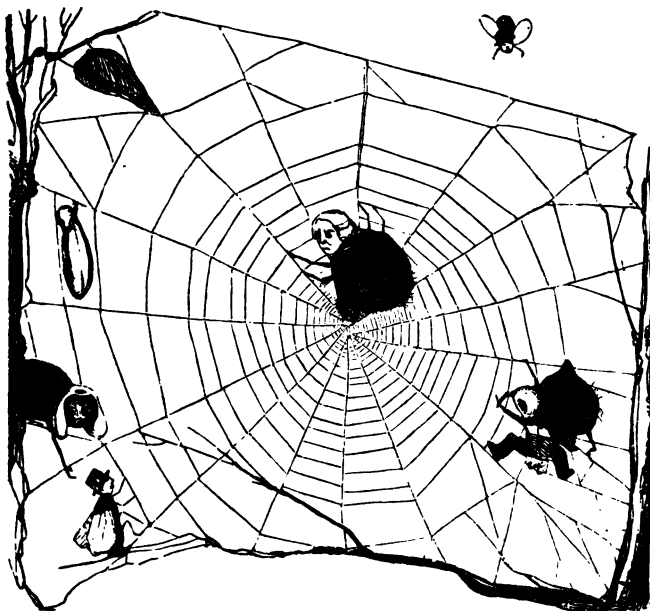
to let his friends "suppose" that he is in want of money, — many of them being ready to give him a cheque for ten times the amount; but he wishes to be independent, (very true!) and would rather make a sacrifice (of the small capitalist?) than lay himself under an obligation. Still, to satisfy the lender, if not already assured of his ability to reimburse the trifle required, of course he must submit.

The novice, who is probably quite as anxious as the borrower to keep this delicate transaction a secret, consents to forego the references. The affair is amicably arranged; notes are exchanged, (that is, a note-of-hand for a bank-note,) and the lender walks gingerly away with the very liberal discount in his pocket, his flustered imagination filled with splendid visions of rapidly increasing his store. He has opened a new mine; but, should he continue to "work it," he may find to his cost (what many other wiser heads have done before), that new mines often consume more than they produce!



THE MISER AND THE SPENDTHRIFT.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAW.



"Is that the law!"—*Merchant of Venice*.

"Je ne me plains pas de la justice, lui respondis-je, elle est très équitable: je voudrais seulement que tous ses officiers fussent d'honnêtes gens."—*Gil Blas*.

"He sought among lawyers but only could find
That Law was expensive, and Justice was blind."—*Song*.

BRIEF THE FIRST.

GENEALOGICO-ALLEGORICAL.

JUSTICE was the only daughter of Truth and Equity ; unfortunately, she was born blind.

Sophistry, being a neighbour of Truth's, had frequent opportunities of seeing the little darling, and, although he would sometimes amuse himself by thwarting, he could not in his heart help loving her. Being a smooth-tongued, smiling, specious old soldier, who had studied every move in the field, although more famous for a feint or a retreat than a straight-forward stand-up fight, he determined, if possible, to promote a match between his son, Chicanery, and his neighbour's daughter. Sophistry exerted all his eloquence to persuade his son to be more circumspect in his conduct ; for Truth, indeed, had once or twice expressed her fears that her neighbour had a heavy hand with him ; for, at an early age, he was addicted to the juvenile amusement of appropriating the apples grown in the neighbouring orchards. It was also generally rumoured that he had appeared at some of the adjacent fairs and race-courses as an itinerant thimble-rigger, and had, moreover, "done a few" by his dexterity at the cups and balls in the skirts of the highways and by-ways. But the world is so given to fibbing, that it is very likely they attributed more criminality to the active-minded and adroit stripling than was merited ; certain it is, that he invariably extricated himself from the

angry grip of detection, as readily as a slippery, wriggling eel from the fingers of a fish-fag.

And now, Sophistry having, like a well-trained pointer, put up the game, Chicanery determined to bring it down and bag it. He, however, candidly confessed, that he entertained a great indifference for Justice: but, as she was blind, he could have no objection, as there was no doubt that, by a man of his ability, she was to be easily led; and then he was quite sure of always getting on the blind side of one who was "dark" on both.

Sophistry played his part so well, that unsuspecting Truth was soon completely hoodwinked, and Chicanery was permitted to pay his addresses.

Poor Justice, who was all ears, fell a sacrifice to their honeyed and insidious speeches, and at last consented to bestow her hand upon a man she had never seen, nor could ever hope to see.

Never was there a match of greater disparity:—a cork-screw and a rose were not more dissimilar.

In due course of time, Sophistry found himself a grandfather. Justice presented her lord and master with an heir.

The boy,—a most promising child,—was named **LAW!**

Among the "many parts" he afterwards played on the world's stage, was one not celebrated in the "Seven Ages" of the Bard of Avon; for, to the dismay of all honest people, he "played the Devil!"

Sophistry and Chicanery, of course, naturally assisted the delectable imp in his progress. As for Truth, she

was too old-fashioned a body for them to pay any respect to her ; and, when Equity attempted to interpose, they actually laughed in the old fellow's face. Justice was openly abused by both ; and, consequently, Law, at a very early age, learned to treat his excellent mother with contempt !

BRIEF THE SECOND.

BABIES in the nursery are threatened with Bogey ! What Bogey is to tender infancy, Law is to riper manhood !

BRIEF THE THIRD.

THE *leges non scriptæ* (or common law) are tolerably rational, and possess a large portion of common sense ; but the *leges scriptæ* (or statute law), although full of those "good intentions" which are said to form the most approved pavement upon which Pluto and Proserpine delight to promenade in the regions below, are very contradictory and clashing, and dovetail so clumsily, that there are many chinks and loopholes, through which roguery contrives to slip as adroitly as a hunted rat down a gulley-hole, at the precise moment when you imagine you have him fast by the tail, and have "fixed his flint," as the Americans say, to a dead certainty.

The *provisions* of acts of Parliament sometimes

appear to be introduced for the sole benefit of the lawyers who *feed* upon them : and, in truth, there are



"Is Mrs. Justice at home?"

"No ; my name 's Law. I can do your business."

many which, from their blundering confusion might, not inaptly, be termed *Irish provisions*.

The *leges scriptæ*, too, are couched in such unin-

telligible jargon, that they puzzle the lawyers themselves; quibbles and quirks consequently arise, and their clients suffer.

Those by whom these Anglo-Norman riddles are *indited* certainly deserve to be themselves *indicted* for a conspiracy against common sense.

BRIEF THE FOURTH.

AN OLD BAILEY DEFENCE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY—We have heard the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution. I would not for the world attempt to throw a shade of suspicion upon the testimony given. They are, doubtless, all honourable men, and have a firm belief in the truth of what they have stated; but I will prove to you, indubitably prove, that they may not only be mistaken, but that they are! Gentlemen of the Jury, this occurrence took place on a windy day; the wind blew from the North-east. Now, we all know from experience the effects of a North-east wind,—the bitter enemy of asthma and rheumatism, and the unfailing friend of apothecaries and lozenge-makers. The wind was North-east; now, assuming that the respectable witnesses were not affected by shortness of breath or rheumatic twinges, still I am sure that the lachrymal glands were excited, that the visual organs were rendered defective in their perception, and that what they did see was magnified through the medium of their involuntary tears!

Gentlemen of the Jury, I trust that these philosophical reasons will not be blown upon as windy arguments; they have more to do with the case of my unfortunate client than you imagine. The prisoner at the bar is accused of stealing a hat, *alias* a beaver, *alias* a tile; now, I mean to prove that the wind was *primâ facie* the offender, and, even in your severest judgment, must be accounted a *particeps criminis*.



A Witness to prove *Ali(e)bi*.

The prosecutor swears that my client snatched up his hat, and took it off; now the witnesses have proved the error of this statement, swearing that the wind took it off, and my client picked it up. This is very material.

It is true he ran away with it; for he was hatless himself, and probably took it for one of those wind-falls which Fortune sometimes so opportunely throws in the way of poor mortals.



A chance for the Fleet.

The wind had affected his eyes as well as the witnesses', and he could not see the bald head of the proprietor of the beaver (who had been so unceremoniously untiled) among the pedestrians of a crowded street; and this is the most charitable construction we can place

upon his actions. He placed the hat upon his head, —a very fit place, you will allow, and it fitted him exactly. He ran away, it is true ; for the outcry was so great that he was alarmed. He dodged in and out a stand of coaches, galloped down the street, panted through courts and lanes, and at last bolted down a blind alley, where he was captured by his pursuers, who, like cunning beaver-hunters, followed him with shouts and laughter. Why, the sport was worth the price of the best Perrin or Frank ever manufactured !

They all swear that they found the property of the prosecutor upon my client, but that it was *minus* the crown. Now, gentlemen of the jury, I appeal to your good sense. My client is indicted for stealing a hat, and it is positively sworn that they found the said hat upon the prisoner. I deny it ; I deny it upon their own evidence. A crown without a hat is a very tangible and useful thing, as we all know ; but a hat without a crown is a nonentity—a useless thing,—in fact no hat at all. Deprive a king of his crown, and he is no longer a king ; deduct a crown from a sovereign and the sovereign is transformed into fifteen shillings ; take the crown from an arch, and it falls to the ground,—and so, gentlemen of the Jury, must this charge against my client. There is an insurmountable flaw in the indictment, the benefit of which I trust you will give to my unfortunate client."

BRIEF THE FIFTH.

BARRISTERS are the tongues of the Law ; the briefs

supplied by the lawyers are the sticks placed in their hands, wherewith to beat their opponents in the contest.

How delightful to witness the feats of these intellectual gladiators! How boldly, and with what a startling effect, they strike the table with their brief, or their clenched fist, punctuating their words with punches! With what a menacing look the counsel for the plaintiff turns towards the counsel for the defendant!—with what a bitter and sarcastic manner he utters “My learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, would fain persuade you that, &c., &c.; but I am confident your good sense and moral feeling, and the justness of my cause, will outweigh the elegant tropes and figures of my learned friend,” &c.

Then, having concluded his address to the intelligent twelve men in the box, the opposing counsel rises, and calmly kicks down all the specious arguments of his antagonist, rubs out all his effective touches, and puts in his own; and, the jury being convinced, a verdict is given accordingly.

To a spectator, a “hostile message” would appear inevitable, from the savage manner in which one gentleman sometimes attacks the other during the trial. No such thing; they are intimate friends, and probably dine together at the same tavern, and crack their bottle, their nuts, and their jokes, at the expense of the two fools who retained them.

They are merely accomplished actors; and, as for any feeling after the performance, one might as well expect to see the assassin and his intended victim, or

the usurping Duke and his oppressed nephew in a favourite melo-drama, avoiding each other in the green-room; whereas they are amicably hob-and-nobbing it over a cool and refreshing tankard of "heavy," or a glass of "cold without," after their "terrific combat" in the second act.



BRIEF THE SIXTH.

To the simple and uninitiated many of the legal terms would induce them to believe that Law was an amiable and affectionate old gentleman, with a spice of gallantry in his composition. They hear of his "instructions to *sue*," and Dr. Gregory's advice to his daughters naturally occurs to their innocent minds.

When an "attachment" is mentioned, or a "declaration," they smile, and suspect the old gentleman is smitten; an "agreement" and "surrender" they regard as the natural consequences; and "bonds of fidelity" they suppose are meant to express what, in the language of the *Morning Post*, are poetically termed the "bonds of Hymen."

Enviably ignorant! may thine eyes never be couched by a "lawyer's letter," which, in thy happy state of obscurity, thou knowest not to distinguish from a "letter of attorney!"

BRIEF THE SEVENTH.

THERE is a chosen few in the profession who are not only very liberally paid, but much respected by their clients,—the said clients being of that unfortunate class who are technically termed "cracksmen, macecoves," &c., who indulge their peculiar propensities in house-breaking, shoplifting, and, now and then, do a little business in the "tragic line," such as cutting and maiming, and forgery, "smashing," and, very

rarely, a little homicide. They are excellent customers, always paying before-hand. There are others, again, who entertain such a hearty contempt for the law, that they generally contrive to evade it by compromising any unpleasant affair, taking especial care, however, not to lay themselves open to an indictment for a conspiracy, or for compounding a felony. For example, a jeweller's shop is stripped by the hand of some adept in the art of "conveyancing." Of course, there arises a hue-and-cry; for watches are gone that never went before. The gentleman who has the "swag" calls upon his legal adviser, and cautiously hints to him that, for a certain consideration, he thinks he could promise the restoration of the "missing" property.

The professional immediately seeks the sufferer, and, "under the rose," informs him, that he has an intimation from an anonymous quarter, that, for a sum (probably naming double the amount proposed by the party in possession), the property shall be restored.

"It is certainly an exorbitant demand, a cruel sacrifice; but, if not acceded to, the articles will most probably be broken up, and sold for their weight," &c.

The loser flounders about irresolutely for awhile, but the legal gentleman feels he has hooked his fish, and he plays with him (as a Waltonian would with a jack) till exhausted, and then skilfully lands him!

There are few such men, and yet, how heartily are they despised for the friendly facilities they offer!

How ungrateful is man!

BRIEF THE EIGHTH.

NOTWITHSTANDING the sneers and innuendoes of the press, we are of opinion that there is much more real justice dispensed by the summary decisions of the magistrates at the police-offices, than in the higher courts of law or equity. The charges are generally of a petty description, although sometimes peculiarly interesting, and frequently humorous. We extract the following from our note-book :

Mrs. Selina Bross, a widow, who let lodgings to single gentlemen in the salubrious vicinity of Somers' Town, appeared before the sitting magistrate to prefer a charge against Mr. Horatio Stanley, an inmate of her establishment, for that he, in a state of intoxication, had created a disturbance, or, as she elegantly phrased it, "kicked up a row," to the great alarm and annoyance of all the "respectabler" inhabitants of the "rents;" and, moreover, had threatened to "spifflicate" her when she attempted to remonstrate with him upon the "indullicateness" of his conduct, and had "shook his clinched fist in her face, and made use on the most horriddest epifats t'ords her."

Now, the complainant was a tall, stout, florid woman of forty, or "thereabouts," bold as an Amazon, and certainly appeared not likely to feel the loss of her "natural protector;" while Mr. Horatio Stanley was a delicate youth, with an expressive countenance, his face shorn of beard and whiskers, and supported by

a rather decayed stock. His dress, of seedy black, appeared like a suit that had not prospered !

He held a shocking bad hat in his left hand, which was encased in a black kid glove, appearing, from various fractures therein, very like network. It was, indeed, a matchless glove, for it had not its fellow ; by reason whereof the defendant had thrust his dexter hand in the breast of his buttoned-up coat.

“ Well, Mr. Stanley, what have you to say to this charge ? ” demanded the magistrate.

“ That, like all the charges of my landlady, it is exorbitant and exaggerated,” replied the delinquent. “ That I might have been a little elevated, is probable ; but that I was low, or vulgar, I deny ; I am naturally of too poetical a temperament to descend to the language of Billingsgate. All this rancour, your worship, arises from a spirit of revenge, engendered by disappointment. I acknowledge I owe her six weeks’ rent.

‘ ’Tis true, ’tis pity, and pity ’tis ’tis true ;’

but—

‘ This is the head and front of my offending.’

The greedy character of these lodging-house keepers is notorious.

‘ Put money in thy purse,’

and you shall win’ of them a most favourable report ; but, when you are by stress of circumstances rendered pennyless, this report is straightway changed to a formidable discharge and volley of abuse. But this is not all ; this lady is not one of those who “ never

told their love"; no, your worship, she has made advances to me, which——"

"Which you have not repaid?" said the magistrate.

"Not in the coin she wished, your worship," resumed Mr. Stanley; "for I honestly confessed to her that when I committed matrimony, it would not be with a second-hand wife."

"A second-hand wife?" said his worship.

"Yes, a widow," replied the defendant; "and my rejection has acted like rennet on the milk of her human kindness, and curdled it for ever!—and lo! she who was late so 'sweet upon me,' is now all gall and bitterness. I pity her; but

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

"Pray, Mr. Horatio Stanley," interrupted the magistrate, "what are you?"

"I have the honour to be of the theatrical profession,—my line is the highest walk of tragedy, although I sometimes undertake the walking-gentleman in genteel comedy."

"At what theatre are you at present engaged?"

"At the Royal Slum, Camden Town, where overflowing houses are nightly entertained at the small charge of threepence!"

"Indeed!" cried the astonished magistrate. "And are you aware, sir, that you are liable to be taken up as a vagabond, for performing at an unlicensed establishment of that kind? These places are most dangerous in their immoral tendency."

"Immoral!" exclaimed Mr. Stanley. "I do assure your worship our worthy manager is the most exemplary of men; he never allows an oath to be uttered on the boards, even by a common cut-throat; and, as for the audience, they are picked—yes, picked. He stands at the door himself to take the money; and, if any one, even with an immoral or suspicious look, presents herself, his notions of propriety overcome the natural desire of gain, and he nobly refuses the coppers! Without wishing to draw any invidious comparison, I do assure you there is not a theatre in the great metropolis conducted so admirably, both before and behind the curtain, as the Royal Slum. Why a young lady, fresh from boarding school, might come there alone, and learn something."

"Very likely," said the magistrate drily; "but, to the charge: perhaps Mrs. Bross will be induced to withdraw it if you will pay her demand; or, if she persists, I must fine or commit you, in default of payment."

This declaration of his worship's had a visible effect upon the nervous system of the actor; and, casting up his eyes to the dingy ceiling of the court, with a profound sigh, and then looking imploringly at his landlady, he adroitly changed his battery.

"Willingly would I disburse," replied the hero of the sock and buskin; "but my will is greater than my power."

'Who steals my purse steals trash.'

Next week, however, I take a 'ticket-night,' when I

trust my numerous friends and the public will enable me to pay off at least a portion of the debt I owe — that is, as far as money can do it ; for, I must confess, I am under obligations to this lady that I never can repay. She has, till now, been ever so kind and indulgent that she has spoiled me.”

This address evidently had a mollifying effect on the irate Mrs. Bross ; and, after a little more discussion, she not only promised to overlook what had taken place, and wait patiently for the weekly dues, but actually paid the fees out of her own pocket, and walked away with the “ gay Lothario,” who, delighted at his enfranchisement, appropriately hummed, as he strode through the passage of the court,

“ Locks, bolts, and bars, all fly asunder.”

BRIEF THE NINTH.

LAW — is like a fire ; and those who meddle with it may chance to “ burn their fingers.”

LAW — is like a pocket with a hole in it ; and those who therein risk their money are very like to lose it.

LAW — is like a lancet ; dangerous in the hands of the ignorant, doubtful even in the hands of an adept.

LAW — is like a sieve ; you may see through it, but you will be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

LAW — is to the litigant what the poulterer is to the goose, — it plucks and it draws him ; but here the

simile ends ; for the litigant, unlike the goose, never gets *truss*, although he may be both *roasted* and *dished*.



From their appearance — likely to get truss(t)ed.

LAW — is like an *ignis-fatuus*, or Jack o' Lantern ; those who follow the delusive guide too often find themselves inextricably involved in a bog or a quagmire.

LAW — is like prussic acid, a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

LAW — is like justice, even as copper gilt is like gold, and the comparative worth of the two is about the same.

LAW — is like an eel-trap, very easy to get *into*, but very difficult to get *out of*.

LAW — is like a razor, which requires a “strong back,” keenness, and an excellent temper.

N.B. — Many of those who get once “shaved

with ease and expedition," seldom risk a second operation.

LAW — is like a flight of rockets ; there is a great expense of " powder ;" the *cases* are usually well " got up ;" the *reports* are excellent ; but, after all, the *sticks* (*q. d.* the clients) are sure to come to the ground.

LAW — is like a window of stained glass, giving its own peculiar tint and hue to the bright rays of truth which shine through it.



All very well, but, wait till he sends in his bill.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.



“ Ainsi que ses chagrins l’Hymen a ses plaisirs :
 Quelle joie en effet, quelle douceur extrême,
 De se voir caresser d’une épouse qu’on aime ! ” — BOILEAU.

"If I 've luck, sir,
 She 's my uxor,
 O! dies benedictorum!"—*Agreeable Surprise.*

"Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus."

"Marriage is evidently the dictate of Nature ; men and women were made to be the companions of each other ; and, therefore, I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness."—*Rasselas.*

נחית דרגא נסיב איתתא סק דרגא בחר שושבינא :

"Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife ; go up when thou chooseth a friend."

LINK THE FIRST.

MARRIAGE, under any circumstances, is a very ticklish affair.

When the contracting parties do not "hit their horses," they frequently hit each other, and then it is a most disagreeable affair.

When they *do* harmonize, and one is the echo—the veritable reflection—of the other's thoughts, smiles, and feelings, anticipating every whim and desire, it is a very pleasant affair.

When a "happy couple" display their affection by pats and taps, and little pinches before company, it is a very ridiculous affair.

When the husband throws out aggravating insinuations, and the excited spouse, like Xantippe of old, throws a tea-pot at her lord and master's head, it is a horrible affair.

When the lady rules the roast, and wears the inexpressible look of tyrannical command, and the gentleman tacitly yields to her usurping and unnatural sway, it is a pitiable affair.

When the husband is not content with the sweets of the flower he has culled, but flies abroad, and, like the "little busy bee," goes sipping and "gathering honey" from "every opening flower," it is a lamentable affair.

When the lady, forgetful of her vows of constancy and love, "bolts" with a pair of black whiskers, and *ditto* military boots, it is a very naughty affair.

Taking all these reflections into consideration, it must incontestably appear that — marriage is a very serious affair. And, as marriages are said to be made in heaven, we should advise every candidate not to tie the knot before he obtains a duly authenticated certificate of the original contract !



LINK THE SECOND.

THE science of boxing is peculiarly English, and would appear to have an influence even upon the softer sex ; for, no sooner does a suitor “ show fight,” than the lady and her relatives simultaneously demand “ a ring ! a ring ! ” Mercy on the poor fellow who engages with his fair antagonist !



If, blinded by passion, he rushes heedlessly to the encounter, he may run a risk of getting his head “ in Chancery,” or his “ nob ” may suffer from the fair one’s dexterity in “ fibbing,” or his “ bread-basket ” may be punished, and, elegant and accomplished though she be, he will find that even the *best bred* is not *un-leavened* !

LINK THE THIRD.

"DID you ever see!" exclaims the tender-hearted Susan Maydew. "Well, I declare, B—— is the very perfection of husbands."

"Dear, delightful creature!" echoes her friend Elizabeth; "he is as full of spirits as gallantry. What delicate attentions he lavishes upon his wife! Truly now, courtship appears to have come after, instead of before marriage."

"Happy woman!" continues Susan Maydew, (a spinster, by the bye, as well as her sympathising friend!) "I do verily believe, if she could eat gold, he would procure it for her!"

And then, having exhausted all their eloquent admiration, they each conclude with a sigh, which may be easily interpreted in the words of Shakespeare, or *Shakspeare*,

"She would that heaven had made her such a man!"

How deceitful are appearances! How profound the hypocrisy of man! B——, the admired, the "loved of all the ladies" for his "delicate attentions" to his better-half abroad, is a veritable bashaw in his own house, a tyrannical task-master, and his envied rib the trembling slave of his unreasonable whims and caprices, who dare not look a contradiction to his behests. So,

"Sigh no more, ladies,
Men mere deceivers ever."

LINK THE FOURTH.

A TYRANT is detestable ; but that yielding piece of clay, called a "soft husband," is only ridiculous. He has frequently to boast the honour of having been wooed by the lady before marriage, and invariably ruled by her afterwards. He generally falls to the lot of a shrew, not being naturally shrewd enough to avoid the insidious pitfall cunningly set to entrap him.

The only merit he has, is that of the chameleon ; taking kindly the colour of surrounding objects, and yielding uncomplainingly to the domineering dictatress who rules his destiny, as a writing-master rules a copy-book in straight lines or aslant ; and he has to form his letters accordingly, and, above all, to mind his ps and qs.

If the "happy, happy, happy pair" are going out to a party, he is literally worried.

"Now, Peter," cries the lady impatiently, from the parlour-door, her sweet voice ascending the stair to his dressing-room, "what are you dawdling about ? Here have I been waiting for you this quarter of an hour."

Poor Peter, flurried, grasps both his white kid gloves in his red right hand, and rushes to her presence.

"Here I am, dear, right as a trivet !" says he good-humouredly.

"I beg, sir, you will not use such vulgar kitchen phrases in my presence," exclaims his "dear," who has been practising propriety, and endeavouring to put on her best manners with her best clothes ; "but it's

of no use talking ; there's no making 'a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' Come, let me look at you."

Peter instantly stands before her in his bran new blue coat, with gilt buttons, extending his arms with all the grace of a clothes'-horse, his head bolt upright.

She regards him from top to toe with the glance of a drill-sergeant. "In the name of goodness ! what have you crumpled up your gloves in that fashion for ?"

"I hadn't time, dear, to put my fist in 'em ; you were in such a dev—such a hurry, that really——"

"Don't talk to me !" interrupted the lady snappishly. "But—well, I do think you are enough to make a clergyman execrate !" and, darting forward her hand, she seizes hold of the tie or rosette of his white cravat, and nearly throttles him in the endeavour to snatch it from his neck. "Was ever woman so plagued and pestered ? Peter, you *are* a fool ! Why, I declare you have fumbled and tumbled your cravat about till it's dirty, and tied it so clumsily, that it looks like an old towel about your neck. Don't speak ; don't answer me ; but take the keys, and fetch a clean one out of the top-drawer ; and, mind, don't rout the things about, like a pig in a turnip-field. Well ! I suppose we shall be ready to go by the time the company are coming away. You dolt, you ! you've put me quite in a fever with your stupidity ! and really (turning to the mirror) if I ain't as red as a roost-cock."

Peter scuttles away upon his errand, with a flea in his ear, without daring to utter a word, and quickly returns with the cravat.

“ Sit down on the sofa, do ! ” says the amiable creature, (a dumpy woman !) and then proceeds to tie it on to her liking ; although not at all to his, for she almost strangles him in the attempt to execute her task with smartness and dexterity. “ Peter, Peter, you *are* a helpless animal, — a perfect disgrace to me. Now, don’t utter a syllable, but put these shoes in your pocket, and this cap in the other, and take my music under your arm, and—and—here, carry my cloak, and take care you don’t drag it on the ground. Well, now, I suppose we shall be off at last. Come : come along.” And away she walks with the obsequious, hen-pecked Peter, at her heels.



LINK THE FIFTH.

THE attentive husband is, on an average, about forty years of age, with a bald place on the crown of his head, his hair carefully combed over from both sides, to conceal the thinness or scarcity of the capillary crop on the front.

He has probably been rather gay in his youthful prime, but, having sown his wild oats, is now settled down to the calm enjoyment of domestic delights.

His wife is, usually, from eighteen to twenty, with long curls; a sort of wax-doll with blue eyes, a drawing-room dawdle, recently transplanted from a boarding-school, who plays execrably, draws indifferently, and dresses extravagantly, and exhibits her sense of his attentions by acting whimsically; and, if thwarted, talks of going home to her "ma," has tears always at command, and sometimes indulges in a display of hysterics. He is devotedly attached to her; the broad current of his ardent love not being very frequently diverted into those smaller channels of affection—children.

She is, in fine, both wife and child in his estimation, and his love partakes more of the paternal than the marital.

He attends her to quadrille parties, although neither his legs nor his lungs permit him to join in the amusement; and no sooner is the "set" gone through than his ready hands envelope her fair shoulders with scarf

or shawl, and assiduously tenders the refreshing lemonade or negus.

The only thing in which he contradicts her on these occasions is her taste for ices. Having arrived at that mature age at which a man is said to be either a fool or a physician, he knows the danger of such an indulgence, and positively prohibits it.

She pouts, and, in revenge, it is ten to one but she joins in a waltz, which she knows he detests.

His head—his poor head!—grows giddy as he watches her whirling about the room, reclining on the arm of a stripling in black pantaloons, who is likened,



in his jaundiced imagination, to a pair of revolving fire-tongs.

He ventures to whisper in her ear, as he gently lays the cachmere on her shoulders, "You should not have joined in that waltz, my love. You know what a decided objection I have to that ridiculous dance."

"Stuff and nonsense!" she tartly replies. "It would, indeed, have appeared singular to refuse. But you are always finding fault—I'm never in the right. Well, I can't help it. I would a thousand times rather stay at home than not do as others do, and look like a fool."

A threatening cloud of displeasure gathers upon her fair brow, and the poor man is unhappy until he has succeeded in dispersing it.

LINK THE SIXTH.

THERE is another male specimen of married life, in many respects resembling the soft husband; but then he has the additional recommendation of being generally useful, whereas the latter is, at best, but ornamental. From his handiness in the nursery, and his impertinent intrusion in the culinary department,—his advice gratis to the laundry-maid in every branch of her manifold labours, (from the getting up of smalls to the plaiting of a shirt-frill,)—and his dabbling in domestic medicine, as far as regards the diseases of children, (possessing the ocular perception of a raven or a duck for "worms,") and compounding, with the

manual skill of a grannam, the brimstone and treacle for a spring course ;—from all these, and a thousand other little harmless and ridiculous peculiarities, he has, by common consent, been dubbed with the unflattering but comprehensive title of “ Molly Coddle.”

If a child suddenly cry out in company, he promptly catches it up, with the exclamation that he is sure the “ darling has a pin ;” and, with a dexterity confirmed by practice, proceeds to “ hunt ” the little squaller, turning over its short clothes as a gardener would the leaves of a cabbage to examine the heart !

He invariably carries lollypops or lozenges, “ millions,” gingerbread, or bulls’ eyes, in his capacious pockets, for the interesting little beings, to appease, or coax, or propitiate a friendly alliance with them.

He fondles them with a tact quite *maternal*, and appears sensibly gratified with the very breath of the babes, redolent as it ever is with the savour of milk and bread and butter.

He quotes nursery-rhymes to the young scions ; and, in speaking of animals, it is evident that the source of his knowledge in natural history is not to be found in Buffon, Cuvier, or Goldsmith.

He talks of cock-horses, moo-cows, baa-lambs, nanny-goats, poll-parrots, chickabiddies, cock-a-doodle-doos, pigg-wiggys, pussy-cats, and bow-wows.

The lyrical compartment of his brain contains a choice selection of those classical reliques, more popular than Percy’s,—

" Little Jack Horner—"

" Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross—"

" Sing a song,
The days are long,
The cuckoo and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hung to-morrow."

" Sing a song for sixpence,
A pocket full of rye," &c., &c.

His wife is generally an indolent nonentity, who is too happy to resign her duties to his control and management; and, while she quietly sits down in her morning-gown and slippers, her hair in papillotes, greedily devouring a volume of dear, delightful Bulwer, or satirical Trollope, he, good man, combs and dresses the children, and takes them out "a-walking," or, if they should be very tender and juvenile, packs two of them in a chaise, and carries a third in his arms, and so parades them abroad for the benefit of the air.

Madam declares he is a "good creature," and an excellent father; and pray, who has a right to take an exception to such an approved pattern of a conjugal partner?

LINK THE SEVENTH.

OF the victims of the "green-eyed monster, Jealousy," ninety-nine out of a hundred are the lords of

the creation ; and, upon the most accurate computation, ninety suffer without the shadow of a cause, although they industriously cudgel their brains, and try a thousand ridiculous tricks to prove the veracity of their suspicions.

The majority of these self-tormentors are of that class which are said to make the best husbands, — namely, reformed rakes ; their morals having been so warped, and their minds so distorted, that, like the reflections of certain ingenious mirrors, they present to their “ mind’s eye ” every image in its most unnatural form, elongating, magnifying, or diminishing it.

If the lady of one of this amiable genus should chance to sigh,—(and, by the mark ! she has abundant reason,)—the conclusion is, that it is for something or somebody,

“ Eyes roll, and cheeks grow pale.”

“ Are you ill ? ” cries the unhappy fool, starting up ; and then, should the abruptness of his manner or hideous look frighten his partner into a faint, which is very probable, he “ hugs misery to him,” and is assured—perfectly assured—that he has accidentally touched the chord that vibrates in her faithless heart ; and, if very desperate, sometimes finishes his doubts and his destiny by touching another *cord*—yes, hangs himself—with the sort of Hibernian apology that *suspense* is intolerable !

Women, when jealous, generally give vent to their

suspicious by tears and reproaches, rarely cherishing the viper in secrecy and silence in their tender bosoms. Some, on the other hand, "speak daggers, though they use none;"—and, in sooth, a jealous woman is—



LINK THE EIGHTH.

SIMILARITY of disposition does not always constitute a happy marriage. As in a duet, they may accord beautifully, although they sing different notes. But

here the simile ends, or is at fault ; for the husband should invariably—take the lady's part !

Disparity of age is not a necessary bar to domestic felicity. A man of forty may make a wife of twenty extremely happy. When Plutus presides at the nuptials instead of Cupid, the "match" frequently proves a "lucifer," and the least friction sometimes produces an explosion that is anything but harmonious or agreeable.

Old women who set themselves up for judges quaintly observe

" Happy 's the wooing
That 's not long a-doing."

We are of a different opinion. Love may sometimes cool a little in a protracted courtship, and gradually assume the milder symptoms of a confirmed friendship ; but, as in the decoction of roots, a slow simmer is more likely to draw out the virtues than a rapid boil.

In the purchase of a horse, or a watch, a trial is allowed ; and surely, in the choice of a wife some time and consideration ought to be permitted ; for, after all, a breach of promise of marriage is a better alternative than a divorce. The one is only probable ; the other difficult, and frequently impracticable.

In fine, youth of both sexes ! if you wish to be happy,

" Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."

LINK THE NINTH.

MARRIAGE is like a silk purse,—most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it.

Marriage is like a mouse-trap :—once get into it, and you are caught, without the least prospect of recovering your liberty.

Marriage is like a “ rose-tree in full bearing.” How attractive are its flowers ! But the bright leaves fall after a season, and the thorns alone remain.

Marriage, among fools, is like a boiled calf’s head without the accompaniment of brains.

Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday—served up cold on Monday,—ditto, with pickles, on Tuesday,—and hashed up on Wednesday.

Marriage is the sunshine of life ; beneath its genial influence spring up the best affections, and the noblest virtues of man, which, in the sterility of selfish celibacy, would have lain dormant and useless. It is the source of virtuous pleasure in youth ; the balm and solace of old age.

A good wife is, in fine, a priceless jewel ; for, as Solomon truly says, “ She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness ; she looketh well to the way of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness ; her children rise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her.”

272 THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.

**Marriage—by jingo ! here comes my adorable wife !
Mum ! —ahem !**



Ends in "amazement" !

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IDLENESS.



"La paresse est une belle vertu
Quand elle est bien entretenue."

"The best of men have ever loved
repose."—THOMSON.

"Præstat otiosum esse quàm ni-
hil agere."—PLIN *Epist.*

"Quicumque dormit, non pec-
cat, qui non peccat, salvabitur,
ergo qui dormit salvabitur."

YAWN THE FIRST.

THE rivers of America are magnificent; and the most vaunting, boasting, rhodomantading, mendacious, poetical, double-tongued, poly-

optical Yankee cannot, by the finest figure in the choice museum of his magniloquence, go beyond the mark in describing them. There is nothing in the *current* language of the New or the Old World that can possibly bring to the mind's-eye a correct idea of their volume and immensity !

We have sailed and steamed on them all, and have anchored in their natural bays and harbours, and landed on many of the innumerable little aits, or islands, which stud them, like bright emeralds on the heaving bosom of a giantess.

But we have sought in vain, from map or man, to discover that delectable river, so congenial in its course to our own indolence,—that river which a native American has described as “too lazy to run down a hill !” What a gem is that river ! — a gem of the first *water* ! How wise it is to keep its bed ! How unlike those turbulent and unruly streams, — those graceless *run-aways*—that are only fitted by Nature for the sea to which they rush.

YAWN THE SECOND.

MAN is a machine; *ergo*, the more friction he suffers from activity, the more rapidly will he wear out. That great philosopher, Diogenes, whose happiness and contentment even Alexander envied, was so perfectly convinced of this axiom, that he wisely contracted his worldly estate and possessions to the narrowest possible limits, and tenanted a tub. Happy mortal ! that, like a snail, could carry his house upon his back.

A counterpart of this sage of antiquity was that simple shepherd who wished for wealth that he might eat fat bacon, and swing all day upon a gate !

Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, possessed a spice of this enviable spirit ; for he loved to saunter about his cool garden at a tortoise-pace, his hands resting in the hollow of his broad back, and ever and anon to stop and nibble the ripe peaches as they hung upon the wall. What perfection of idleness ! It is only given to transcendent genius to arrive at thy pinguifying pinnacle.



“ Time lost.”

YAWN THE THIRD.

A PORTRAIT.

LISTLESS SLOW was, theoretically, an industrious man ; practically, a pattern of indolence. He was sleek, fair-haired, and, by habit, had superinduced a plumpness that bordered upon the chubby. The house was a very hive of industry, and he a drone.

By the influence of his father-in-law he had obtained a situation under government ; the fatigues of office were his constant theme, and the ever-ready excuse for his repose.

Poor fellow ! he generally took his chocolate in bed at eight, read till nine, and then, by an effort, leaped into his dressing-gown and slippers, and submitted his chin to the operations of a barber.

At ten the omnibus called at his door, and transported him to the office—the hours of business being from eleven to two o'clock—where, in winter, he sat with his feet on the fender, punching the inoffensive round coals in the glowing grate, while a junior clerk read the newspaper aloud.

In summer he ate strawberries or cherries, and killed time by shooting at the blue-bottles which busily buzzed about his prison, for such he deemed it.

Harassed with the toils of the day,—having probably been compelled to sign his name half-a-dozen times in the course of his incarceration !—he hailed the advent of the omnibus with the glee of a school-

boy going home for the holidays ; and returned to his domestic retreat to count the tardy minutes till dinner was announced.



“ Under government.”

His little active wife and children all sympathised with the parent; and while his affectionate partner proffered a jelly or an ice, or an anchovy sandwich, to recruit his wasted energies, his eldest girl would gently lull his mind by playing soft airs upon the piano, while he lolled at full length upon the yielding sofa.

In fact, he had the art of turning all their tenderness and activity to the promotion of his own peculiar enjoyment.

Poor Slow ! he was as nearly arriving at perfection in the art of idleness as any mortal breathing, when, unfortunately, the world suddenly lost the benefit of his bright example and profound experience, through the intervention of an apoplectic fit.

“ Man never is, but always to be blest ! ”

YAWN THE FOURTH.

“ My dear Tom,” said an exquisite to a brother idler, “ how *do* you spend the four-and-twenty hours ? ”



“ In charity !” replied his friend.—“ In charity ?”

“ Yes,” continued Tom. “ Firstly, I give twelve hours to sleep, and of the remaining twelve I give two to dress, four to eating and drinking, four to the play or opera, and two to smoking and building !”

“ Building ?”



“ Waist of Time.”

"Yes—castles in the air; and I do assure you 'tis a most agreeable pastime. And now, what do you think of my disposition?"

"Equitable as 'tis amiable, Tom," replied his friend; "and I must positively take a leaf out of your *day-book*."

"My *waste-book*, call it," said Tom, "in which the initials L. S. D. may be appropriately construed Lounging, Smoking, Dreaming, and the sum total the luxury of Indolence—the *dolce far niente*."

Tom was a philosopher of the school of Epicurus. Life was made for enjoyment; it is a delicious draught, which your labourer in the vineyard gulps with the avidity of thirst, while your idle man sips, and sips, and enjoys it to the last drop!

"The pleasure of life is in ACTIVITY," said the Bee.

"The pleasure of life is INACTIVITY," echoed the Tortoise.



And we agree with the more rational reading of the latter.

YAWN THE FIFTH.

THE most commendable idleness is, perhaps, that which assumes the mask of industry. Knitting, knotting, and netting, oriental tinting, wafer-basket-making, card-work in general, and rug and worsted-work in particular, are all the labours of ingenious idleness.



"A pair of Slippers."

Why, we have seen young ladies undertake a *canvass* with all the earnestness of a committee-man at a contested election, and yet give up, like an unsuccessful candidate as soon as they got—*worsted!* while some have actually spread their canvass for a *sale* (at a fancy fair), and yet never passed the *needles!*

We must, however, pay a passing tribute to the fair Lucinda. She *did* commence and finish a pair of slippers in two years, which was about the rate of a stitch per diem,—for which she gained our especial favour, or, as we might more truly express it, “got the length of our foot,”—for she had them fitted; and we now behold them before us on our sofa in all the butterfly beauty of their variegated colours, and, sooth to say, our toes are in them!

Dear, indolent Lucinda! (“friend of my *sole*!”) how amiable dost thou appear!

A sofa is the throne—slippers and morning-gown the regalia, the paraphernalia, the trappings of idleness. Plump goddess of the dreamy eye!—mother of yawns!—patroness of patchwork! whose leaden hammer is ever raised with murderous intent against the venerable sconce of old Time!—alas! how unavailing! for thou dost only retard him in his flight, and hammer out the old greybeard to an immeasurable length!

YAWN THE SIXTH.

FRUITLESS would prove the attempts of the sapient elephant to dance on the tight rope, or that mimic-man, the monkey, to excel in elocution; but three-fold are the difficulties in the paths of some who endeavour to reach the Temple of Idleness. It requires a rare and peculiar combination of mind, body, and estate.

The mental energies of many are in such a motive state of speculation and calculation as totally unfits

them for repose, which is the broad base—the pedestal—on which the loose-robed goddess reclines.

The physical powers of others, again, render them so peripatetic, so saltatory, that you might as well endeavour to stop a cannon-ball, or a steam-carriage, in its career with the simple index of your right hand, as to convince them of the loveliness of a lounge; and, however they may boast of their habits of business, certain it is these human locomotives would never succeed in the *stationary* line; for they are all legs and wings, like a daddy-long-legs,—which *will* buzz and rattle about, till it ultimately bobs into the flame and perishes.

And lastly, those who really possess the many qualifications, physical and mental, which true idleness demands, are too often destitute of the *means* to attain the desired object.

Money alone—the golden key which is said to open all locks—Chubb's and Bramah's inclusive—is useless.

One might as well attempt to enter a Freemasons' lodge without the sign.

Who has not heard of the rich tallow-chandler, who, disposing of his business, retired to indulge in the luxury (*otium cum dignitate*) of idleness?—and who returned and solicited as a favour that he might be permitted to assist his successor on “melting-days!”

Therefore, when we hear a tirade against idleness, we look upon the scoffer in the same light we regard an old maid, who, possessing neither beauty nor money to steal a heart or buy a husband, irreverently rails against love and matrimony from the commencement to the terminus of her mortal existence.

Idleness, in fine, must be as insensible to external influences as the cobbler's lapstone to the hammer—as elastic as a horse-hair cushion—as easy as an old slipper.

It must have the valuable ponderosity of gold, and its malleability—the bright reflections of the diamond—the brains of a poet—the coffers of a Cræsus—the digestion of an ostrich—the—But why should we continue the catalogue?

The ignorant detractors of idleness will be amply gratified with this enumeration of the barriers and impediments which oppose the progress of her votaries.



THE DRONE'S SNAILWAY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIME.

"Time and tide tarry for no man."

"Quid times?"

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal."



per-time, and bed-time, and, doubtless, thyme for stuffing !

Pleasure is universally considered *pastime*, and New Year's Day, when *gifts* are exchanged, the *present* time !

Chiron, Saturn's fifth son, according to the mythologists, taught Apollo music ; and it is reported upon the best authority, that when his music-master's daddy grew old, and was likely to become an inmate of one of the Unions, Apollo, from motives of gratitude, got up a *soirée musicale* for his benefit, and contributed no little to the amiable object by playing first fiddle on the occasion.



HE LIVES BY TIME, YET BEATS HIM.

In imitation of the god of music, his numerous disciples have since invariably vied with each other in "keeping time."

This is really a matter of fact, mingled with a spice of allegory.

MINUTE THE SECOND.

TIME,—called Chronos by the Greeks, and Saturn by the Latins, which signified, according to Cicero, "one who is full of years:" *Quod saturatur annis*. Time was said to devour and consume all things: *Tempus edax rerum*, as the elegant Horace expresses it; and, according to his portrait-painters, the poets, he



YOUNG TIME.

is represented as a lean, lank, old gentleman, with evident symptoms of no credit with the Nugees and Stultzes of his day. A bald head, with the exception of a solitary lock pendent from his wrinkled forehead, which the prudent and economical, with a sort of refined cruelty, instruct their pupils to pluck on every occasion ; for "Take Time by the forelock" is the very first maxim taught in their schools, notwithstanding the respect which his venerable and flowing beard ought naturally to command.

These fanciful gentry, the poets, have also provided the old gentleman with a pair of wings,—armed him, like an Irish labourer in harvest, with a scythe, and, stuck a delicate-waisted hour-glass in his bony fist.

The rhyming rogues were, like many of their craft, Time-servers ; but there is less of fact than fiction in their description.

MINUTE THE THIRD.

SOME bewail the enormous *waste* of Time, as if he were afflicted with the dropsy, or were an alderman of Cockaigne, and an unfailing guest at the celebrated turtle-feasts.

Others, again, talk of their *spare* Time, as if he were a lean pauper, and could be employed at "stone-breaking" wages.

In fact, the old fellow appears to be a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and able to turn his hand to anything ; for he is employed by one in painting, by another in fid-

dling, while some sporting youths, by way of a lark, as they term it, actually "run against Time," without the least regard to his age and infirmities; and, if the wager be accepted, Time is at least *spent*, if he be not "out of breath."



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, DON'T GO. I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE ANOTHER INNINGS."

It is no wonder, overwhelmed by these various vexations, that Time becomes distracted. Yes, "Time
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out o' mind" is now a household phrase in the language; and in this case it is said the best "Time-keepers" are punctual men and musicians!

Some ruthless rebels boast of "killing Time;" but this is a mere farce, — an idle *façon de parler*; for, like clocks that run down, they are more frequently "wound up," and "go" rapidly, and Time ultimately kills them.



MINUTE THE FOURTH.

THE PAGANS *multiplied* their gods; the moderns have *divided* Time; and we have now, consequently, a perfect Pantheon. Among others too numerous to

mention, there are—hard times,—piping times,—bad times,—good times,—sad times,—merry times,—a long time,—a short time,—a miserable time,—a happy time,—the time o' night,—the time o' day,—and “such times as never was.” But the most classically correct of all is *pudding-time*; for the Saturnalia invented in honour of old Chronos were celebrated at Christmas, which is indubitably the pudding-time, *par excellence*, — at least in Old England !

MINUTE THE FIFTH.

ONE section of that curious class denominated politicians, — those monoculous Polyphemi, who, having but one eye, invariably see on one side only, which is always the *right* in their partial estimation,—condemn the depravity of the age and the honesty of the times ! The meaning they intend to convey we leave to the sagacious to discover, and, if they will, to communicate. For our own part, we candidly confess we prefer pancakes to politics, for they are not only more readily discussed, but are easier of digestion. At the same time we must avow that our politics are those of the majority, founded on that conservative principle which enounces the urgent necessity of taking care of Number One ! But, hold !—like all those who launch forth upon subjects which they do not understand, we are losing our time !

MINUTE THE SIXTH.

"I AM very particular in the distribution of my time," said H——; "for 'time is the stuff that life is made of,' as Benjamin Franklin, or some other sage, has justly observed; and, moreover, being perfectly convinced of the truth of the old saw,

'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,'

I am always stirring betimes. I have a bantam-cock who is an infallible regulator, for he punctually arouses me of a morning: I call him my gallinaceous clock!"

"Your *crow*-nometer would be more appropriate," remarked B——.

MINUTE THE SEVENTH.

TIME is a perfect optical delusion, being apparently long or short, according as the mental telescope through which he is observed is handled; some looking at him through the smaller end, others reversing it, and "taking a sight" through the larger.

Thus, for example: Time, to a lover about to be noosed by Hymen, or an expectant heir to a goodly estate, appears long; to a culprit about to be noosed by Mr. John Ketch, of the Old Bailey, to a piccaninny

at a pantomime, or to a school-boy in the vacation,
he appears extremely short !



GOING OUT WITH THE KEY.

“ We won’t go home till morning.”

MINUTE THE EIGHTH.

TO-MORROW is the coin with which the procrastinator pays the urgent demands of that detestable dun — To-day, who is continually at his elbow; or it is rather his, I. O. U., or promissory note, which he never honours, but continually renews. Time, however, saves his conscience, for no sooner is To-morrow born than old Chronos becomes its sponsor, and names it To-day; thus aiding and abetting the quibbling procrastinator in his fraudulent pretences and evasion. The consequences of this conduct are, however, always costly, and sometimes fatal to those who indulge in it, and frequently, indeed, approaches the borders of insanity.

Tom Tortoise receives a letter with the information that his maternal uncle is dangerously ill.

“ Ah ! ” cries he, “ I suppose I must post off and see the old fogey, must exhibit my affection, so I’ll pack up and be off — to-morrow ! ”

He goes, and, alas ! finds the “ old fogey ” is “ gone ” before his arrival ; and, vexed at his delay, has left the bulk of his property to some distant relative, or some friend of “ To-day,” who was cunningly “ doing the attentive ” on the spot !

A neighbour complains to old Slow that, in consequence of a hole in his fences the peripatetic pork of the said Slow have been enjoying themselves in his flower-gardens, and in their porcine ignorance of botany

mistaken some valuable bulbous roots for turnips, or other legitimate food for swine.

"Oy! oy!" grunts Slow, blowing an awful cloud from his yard of clay. "I maun see to that — to-morrow!"

To-morrow comes, and with it a "lawyer's letter," setting forth an awful extent of damages, and the threat of an action. A compromise is insinuated, but his dilatory disposition prompts him still to put off the



evil day until it is too late, and Slow is mulcted in a round sum, and considerable costs.

To-morrow is, in fact, a notorious cheat,—a promise-

breaker, who is always coming, but never appears; therefore put no faith in him, but trust in To-day, who is a plain-spoken, honest servant, who is always at your side, and ready to obey your bidding.

MINUTE THE NINTH.

"THE difference between a bankrupt and a watch," said B., "is, that the former 'goes,' and is 'wound-up'; while the latter is always 'wound-up' before it 'goes!'"

Being in the artillery-ground when they were firing *minute* guns, he observed that those *field*-pieces ought in this instance to be called *time*-pieces!

And at one of those annual civic pageants, popularly called a Lord Mayor's Show, some one remarking how correctly the walking-footman in silk-stockings marched through the November mud, "What wonder is it that their legs keep such *exact time*," said he, "for don't you perceive they are all furnished with *clock*-stockings?"

MINUTE THE TENTH.

WE have thus far learnedly discoursed of Time, when, strange to say, we have suddenly convinced ourselves there is no such thing! that we have reared our building on a foundation of sand, and that Time is an "airy-nothing!" That to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow are all nonsense and intangible nothings, for will not to-day be yesterday to-morrow, and to-morrow yesterday on the following day?

but not

but true: Time hath neither beginning nor end. It is a circle ;
 rant, vi and all dates, periods, and ages, are arbitrary and
 our bidding nonsensical. It is true we know from memory that

TH.

rupt and
 ; and is
 und-up

Julius Cæsar and Jim Crow have had their day, which
 in language gives the idea of time past, but the earth
 still revolves round the sun ; albeit, notwithstanding
 the acknowledged truth of the Newtonian system,
 both foolish people and philosophers still talk of sun-
 rise and sunset, which, according to that profound
 astronomer, is sheer nonsense. There is no such thing
 as Time !

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The newspapers frequently indulge in paragraphs
 touching the " united ages" of three old fools who have
 vegetated, according to their calculations, two hundred
 and odd years ! and again lugubriously lament the
 early death of some genius killed by consumption, or,
 like Keates, by an " article." Now this, in our opi-
 nion, is absolute twaddle, for if there be really any
 measure of longevity, it is certainly not to be com-
 puted by days, weeks, months, or years, but by in-
 cidents and accidents, and by actions bodily and
 mental.

L

A genius — a man of wit, intelligence, and brains,
 who dies at the early age, as they term it, of twenty,
 is actually older than the coarse, unintellectual, mangel-
 wurzel sort of vegetable man, who " rises with the
 sun" to plough, and goes to roost with the lark, full
 of beans and bacon ; for the uniform life of the latter—
 the animal existence—is comprised in one day, and
 every coming day is merely the child and counterpart
 of the past.

MINUTE THE LAST.

HOWEVER indifferently some of our readers may regard this philosophical essay (considering it probably of only temporary interest), if they peruse it in a proper spirit, the good effects thereof will exhibit themselves—in time, and we have faith, hope, and charity enough to believe (with a sprinkling of confidence to boot) that those who seek will find everything they want—in Time !



This is Time's shadow ; where is his substance ?

THE END.

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